THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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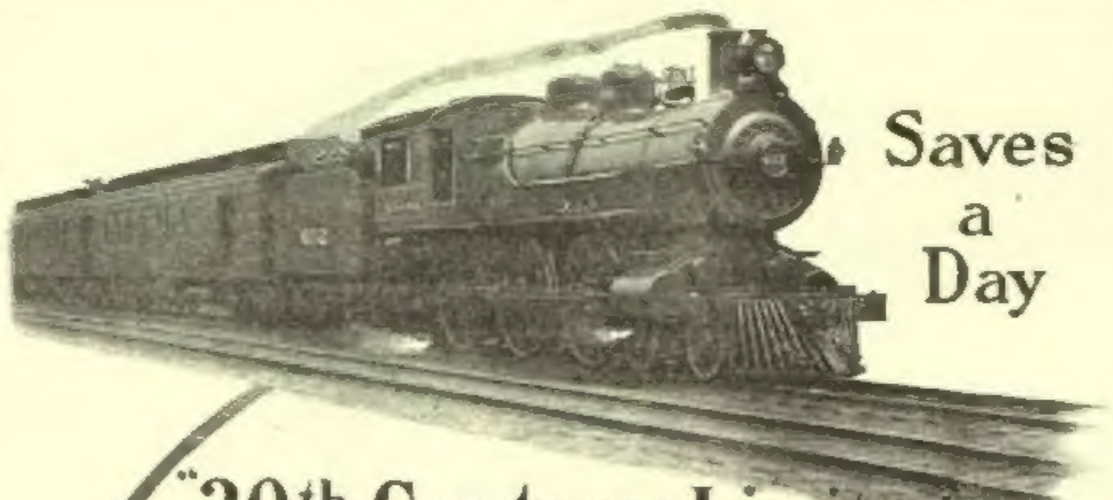

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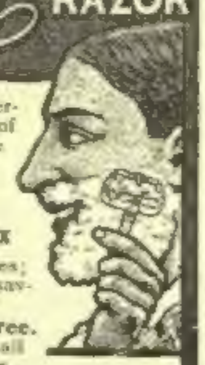

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The President's Daughter

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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"THERE SHE GOES NOW TO THE CAR AGAIN"

CHAPTER I

THE train, a special, made up of a private car and a diner, was running on a slow order and crawled between the bluffs at a snail's pace.

Ahead of it the sun was sinking into the foothills and wherever the eye could reach to the horizon barren wastes lay riotously green under the golden blaze. The river, swollen everywhere out of its banks, spread in a broad and placid flood of yellow over the bottoms, and a hundred shallow lakes studded with willowed islands marked its wandering course to the south and east. The clear, far air of the mountains, the glory of the gold on the June hills and the illimitable stretch of waters below, held spellbound the group on the observation platform.

"It's a pity, too," declared Conductor O'Brien, who was acting as mountain Baedeker, "that we're held back this way when we're covering the prettiest stretch on the road for running. It is right along here where you are riding that the speed records of the world have been made. Fourteen and six-tenths miles were done in nine and a half minutes just west of that curve about six months ago—of course it was down hill."

Several of the party were listening. "Do you use speed recorders out here?" asked Allen Harrison.

"How's that?"

"Do you use speed recorders?"

"Only on our slow trains," replied O'Brien. "To put speed recorders on Paddy McGraw or Jimmie the Wind would be like timing a teal duck with an eight-day clock. Sir?" he asked, turning to another questioner while the laugh lingered on his side. "No; those are not really mountains at all. Those are the foothills of the Sleepy Cat range—west of the Spider Water. We get into that range about two hundred miles from here—well, I say they are west of the Spider, but for ten days it's been hard to say exactly where the Spider is. The Spider is making us all the trouble with high water just now—and we're coming out into the valley in about a minute," he added as the car gave an embarrassing lurch. "The track is certainly soft, but if you'll stay right where you are, on this side, ladies, you'll get the view of your lives when we leave the bluffs. The valley is about nine miles broad and it's pretty much all under water."

Beyond the curve they were taking lay a long tangent stretching like a steel wand across a sea of yellow, and as their engine felt its way very gingerly out upon it there rose from the slow-moving trucks of their car the softened resonance that tells of a sounding-board of waters.

Soon they were drawn among wooded knolls between which hurried little rivers tossed like youngsters out of the Spider flood into dry waterways and, like youngsters, brawling with surprised stones and forming noisily at stubborn root and impassive culvert. Through the trees the travelers caught passing glimpses of shaded eddies and a wilderness of placid pools. "And this," murmured Gertrude Brock to her sister Marie, "this is the Spider!" O'Brien, talking to the men at her elbow, overheard. "Hardly, Miss Brock; not yet. You haven't seen the river yet. This is only the backwater."

They were rising the grade to the bridge approach, and when they emerged a few moments later from the woods the conductor said, "There!"

The panorama of the valley lay before them. High above their level and a mile away, the long thread-like spans of Hailey's great bridge stretched from pier to pier. To the right of the higher ground a fan of sidetracks spread, with lines of flat cars and gondolas loaded with stone, brush, piling and timbers, and in the foreground two hulking pile-drivers, their leads, like rabbits' ears laid sleekly back, squatted mysteriously. Switch engines puffed impatiently up and down the material tracks shifting stuff to the distant spurs. At the river front an army of men moved like loaded ants over the dykes. Beyond them the eye could mark the boiling yellow of the Spider, its winding channel marked through the waste of waters by whirling driftwood, bobbing wreckage and plunging trees—sweepings of a thousand angry miles. "There's the Spider," repeated the West End conductor, pointing, "out there in the middle where you see things moving right along. That's the Spider, on a twenty-year rampage." The train, moving slowly, stopped. "I guess we've got as close to it as we're going to, for a while. I'll take a look forward."

It was the time of the June water in the mountains. A year earlier the rise had taken the Peace River bridge and with the second heavy year of snow railroad men looked for new trouble. June is not a month for despair, because the mountain men have never yet scheduled despair as a West End liability. But it is a month that puts wrinkles in the right of way clear across the desert and sows gray hairs in the road-masters' records from McCloud to Bear Dance. That June the mountain streams roared, the foothills floated, the plains puffed into sponge, and in the thick of it all the Spider Water took a man-slaughtering streak and started over the Bad Lands across lots. The big river forced Bucks' hand once more, and to protect the main line Glover, third of the mountain roadbuilders, was ordered off the high-line construction and back to the hills where Brodie and Hailey slept, to watch the Spider.

The special halted on a tongue of high ground flanking the bridge and extending upstream to where the river was gnawing at the long dyke that held it off the approach. The delay was tedious. Doctor Lanning and Allen Harrison went forward to smoke. Gertrude Brock took refuge in a book and Mrs. Whitney, her aunt, annoyed her with stories. Marie Brock and Louise Donner placed their chairs where they could watch the sorting and unloading of never-ending strings of flat cars, the spasmodic activity in the lines of laborers, the hurrying of the foremen and the movement of the rapidly shifting fringe of men on the danger line at the dyke.

The clouds which had opened for the dying splendor of the day closed and a shower swept over the valley; the conductor came back in his raincoat—his party were at dinner. "*Are* we to be detained much longer?" asked Mrs. Whitney.

"For a little while, I'm afraid," replied the trainman diplomatically. "I've been away over there on the dyke to see if I could get permission to cross, but I didn't succeed."

"Oh, conductor!" remonstrated Louise Donner.

"And we don't get to Medicine Bend to-night," said Doctor Lanning.

"What we need is a man of influence," suggested Harrison. "We ought never to have let your 'pa' go," he added, turning to Gertrude Brock, beside whom he sat.

"Can't we really get ahead?" Gertrude lifted her brows reproachfully as she addressed the conductor. "It's becoming very tiresome."

O'Brien shook his head.

"Why not see some one in authority?" she persisted.

"I have seen the man in authority, and nearly fell into the river doing it; then he turned me down."

"Did you tell him who we were?" demanded Mrs. Whitney.

"I made all sorts of pleas."

"Does he know that Mr. Bucks *promised* we should be in Medicine Bend to-night?" asked pretty little Marie Brock.

"He wouldn't in the least mind that."

Mrs. Whitney bridled. "Pray who is he?"

"The construction engineer of the mountain division. He is the man in charge of the bridge just at present."

"It would be a very simple matter to get orders over his head," suggested Harrison.

"Not very."

"Mr. Bucks?"

"Hardly. Nobody's orders to-night would take us over that bridge without Glover's permission."

"What an autocrat!" sighed Mrs. Whitney. "No matter; I don't care to go over it, anyway."

"But I do," protested Gertrude. "I don't feel like staying in this water all night, if you please."

AND NEARLY FELL INTO THE RIVER DOING IT

"I'm afraid that's what we'll have to do for a few hours. I told Mr. Glover he would be in trouble if I didn't get my people to Medicine Bend to-night."

"Tell him again," laughed Doctor Lanning.

Conductor O'Brien looked embarrassed. "You'd like to ask particular leave of Mr. Glover for us, I know," suggested Miss Donner.

"Well, hardly—the second time—not of Mr. Glover." A sheet of rain drenched the plate glass windows. "But I'm going to watch things and we'll get out just as soon as possible. I know Mr. Glover pretty well. He is all right, but he's been down here now a week without getting out of his clothes and the river rising on him every hour. They've got every grain bag between Salt Lake and Chicago and they're filling them with sand and dumping them in where the river is cutting."

"Any danger of the bridge going?" asked the doctor.

"None in the world, but there's a lot of danger that the river will go. That would leave the bridge hanging over dry land. The fight is to hold the main channel where it belongs. They're getting rock over the bridge from across the river and strengthening the approach for fear the dyke should give way. The track is busy every minute, so I couldn't make much impression on Mr. Glover."

There was light talk of a deputation to the dyke, followed by the resignation of travelers, cards afterward, and ping pong. With the deepening of the night the rain fell harder, and the wind rising in gusts drove it against the glass. When the women retired to their compartments the train had been set over above the bridge where the wind, now hard from the southeast, sung steadily around the car.

Gertrude Brock could not sleep. After being long awake she turned on the light and looked at her watch; it was one o'clock. The wind made her restless and the air in the stateroom had become oppressive. She dressed and opened her door. The lights were very low and the car silent; all were asleep.

At the rear end she raised a window-shade. The night was lighted by strange waves of lightning, and thunder rumbled in the distance unceasingly. Where she sat she could see the sidings filled with cars and in the distance, when a sharper flash lighted the backwater of the lakes, vague outlines of far-off bluffs beetling into the sky.

She drew the shade, for the continuous lightning added to her disquiet. As she did so the rain drove harshly against the car and she retreated to the other side. Feeling presently the coolness of the air she walked to her stateroom for her Newmarket coat, and wrapping it about her, sunk into a chair and closed her eyes. She had hardly fallen asleep when a crash of thunder split the night and woke her. As it rolled angrily away she quickly raised the window-curtain.

The heavens were frenzied. She looked toward the river. Electrical waves charging from end to end of the angry sky lighted the bridge, reflected the black face of the river and paled flickering lights and flaming torches where, on vanishing stretches of dyke, an army of dim figures, moving unceasingly, lent awe to the spectacle.

She could see smoke from the hurrying switch-engines whirled viciously up into the sweeping night and above her head the wind screamed. A gale from the southwest was hurling the Spider against the riprap that held the eastern shore and the day and the night gangs together were reinforcing it. Where the dyke gave under the terrific pounding, or where swiftly boiling pools sucked under the heavy piling, Glover's men were sinking fresh relays of mattresses and loading them with stone.

At moments laden flat cars were pushed to the brink of the flood, and men with picks and bars rose spirit-like out of black shadows to scramble up their sides and dump rubble on the sunken brush. Other men toiling in unending procession wheeled and slung sandbags across the riprap; others stirred crackling watchfires that leaped high into the rain and over all played the incessant lightning and the angry thunder and the flying night.

She shut her eyes from the strangely moving sight, returned to her compartment, closed her door and lay down. It was quieter within the little room and the fury of the storm less appalling.

Half dreaming as she lay, mountains shrouded in a deathly lightning loomed wavering before her, and one, most terrible of all, she strove unwillingly to climb. Up she struggled, clinging and slipping, a cramping fear over all her senses, her ankles clutched in icy fetters, until from above, an apparition, strange and threatening, pushed her, screaming, and she swooned into an awful gulf.

"Gertrude! Gertrude! Wake up!" cried a frightened voice.

The car was rocking in the wind, and as Gertrude opened her door Louise Donner stumbled terrified into her arms. "Did you see that awful, awful lightning? I'm sure the car has been struck."

"No, no, Louise."

"It surely has been. Oh, let us awaken the men at once, Gertrude; we shall be killed!"

The two clung to one another. "I'm afraid to stay alone, Gertrude," sobbed her companion.

"Stay with me, Louise. Come." While they spoke the wind died and for a moment the lightning ceased, but the calm, like the storm, was terrifying. As they stood breathless a report like the ripping of a Gatling battery burst over their heads, a blast shook the heavy car and howled shrilly away.

Sleep was out of the question. Gertrude looked at her watch. It was four o'clock. They dressed and sat together till daylight. When morning broke, dark and gray, the storm had passed and out of the leaden sky a drizzle of rain was falling. Outside the car men were moving. The forward door was open and the conductor in his stormcoat walked in.

"Everything is all right this morning, ladies," he smiled.

"All right? I should think everything all wrong," exclaimed Louise. "We have been frightened to death."

"They've got the cutting stopped," continued O'Brien, smiling. "Mr. Glover has left the dyke and just told me the river had fallen six inches since two o'clock. We'll be out of here now as quick as we can get an engine: they've been switching with ours. There was considerable wind in the night——"

"*Considerable* wind!"

"You didn't notice it, did you? Glover loaded the bridge with freight trains about twelve o'clock and I'm thinking it's lucky, for when the wind went into the northeast about four o'clock I thought it would take my head off. Why, it snapped like dynamite clear across the valley."

"Oh, we heard it!"

"When the wind jumped, a crew was dumping stone into the river. The men were ordered off the flat cars but there were so many they didn't all get the word at once, and while the foreman was chasing them down he was blown clean into the river."

"Drowned?"

"No, he was not. He crawled out away down by the bridge, though a man couldn't have done it once in a thousand times. It was old Bill Dancing—he's got more lives than a cat. Do you remember where we first pulled up the train in the afternoon? A string of ten box cars stood there last night and when the wind shifted it blew the whole bunch off the track."

"Oh, do let us get away from here," urged Gertrude. "I feel as if something worse would happen if we stayed. I'm sorry we ever left McCloud yesterday."

The men came from their compartments and there was more talk of the storm. Clem and his helpers were starting breakfast in the dining-car and the doctor and Harrison wanted to walk down to see where the river had cut into the dyke. Mrs. Whitney had not appeared and they asked the young ladies to go with them. Gertrude objected. A foggy haze hung over the valley.

"Come along," urged Harrison; "the air will give you an appetite."

After some remonstrating she put on her heavy coat, and carrying umbrellas the four started under the conductor's guidance across to the dyke. They picked their steps along curving tracks, between material piles and through the débris of the night. On the dyke they spent some time looking at the gaps and listening to explanations of how the river worked to undermine and how it had been checked. Watchers hooded in yellow slickers patrolled the narrow jetties or, motionless, studied the boiling currents at their feet.

Returning, the party walked around the edge of the camp where cooks were busy about steaming kettles. Under long, open tents wearied men lying on scattered hay slept after the hardship of the night. In the drizzling haze half a dozen men, assistants to the engineer—rough looking but strong-featured and quick-eyed—sat with buckets of steaming coffee about a huge campfire. Four men bearing a litter came down the path. Doctor Lanning halted them. A laborer had been pinched during the night between loads of piling projecting over the ends of flat cars and they told the doctor his chest was hurt. A soiled neckcloth covered his face but his stertorous breathing could be heard, and Gertrude Brock begged the doctor to go to the camp with the injured man and see whether something could not be done to relieve him until the company surgeon arrived. The doctor, with O'Brien, turned back. Gertrude, depressed by the incident, followed Louise and Allen Harrison along the path which wound round a clump of willows flanking the campfire.

On the sloping bank below the trees and a little out of the wind a man on a mattress of willows lay stretched asleep. He was clad in leather, mudstained and wrinkled, and the big brown boots that cased his legs were strapped tightly above his knees. An arm, outstretched, supported his head, hidden under a soft gray hat. Like the thick gloves that covered his clasped hands, his hat and the handkerchief knotted about his neck were soaked by the rain, falling quietly and trickling down the furrows of his leather coat. But his attitude was one of exhaustion and trifles of discomfort were lost in his deep respiration.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gertrude Brock under her breath, "look at that poor fellow asleep in the rain. Allen?"

Allen Harrison, ahead, was struggling to hold his umbrella upright while he rolled a cigarette. He turned as he passed the paper across his lips. "Throw your coat over him, Allen."

Harrison pasted the paper roll, and putting it in his mouth felt for his matchcase. "Throw *my* coat over him!"

"Yes."

Allen took out a match. "Well, I like that. That's like you, Gertrude. Suppose you throw your coat over him."

Gertrude looked silently at her companion. There is a moment when women should be humored; not all men are fortunate enough to recognize it. Louise, still walking ahead, called, "Come on," but Gertrude did not move.

"Allen, throw your coat over the poor fellow," she urged. "You wouldn't let your dog lie like that in the rain."

"But, Gertrude—do me the kindness"—he passed his umbrella to her that he might better manage the lighting—"he's not my dog."

If she made answer it was only in the expression of her eyes. Then she handed the umbrella back, flung open her long coat and slipped it from her shoulders. With the heavy garment in her hands she stepped from her path toward the sleeper and noticed for the first time an utterly disreputable-looking dog lying beside him in the weeds. The dog's long hair was bedraggled to the color of the mud he curled in, and as he opened his eyes without raising his head, Gertrude hesitated; but his tail spoke a kindly greeting. He knew no harm was meant and he watched unconcernedly while, determined not to recede from her impulse, Gertrude stepped hastily to the sleeper's side, laid her coat over his shoulders and stepped away.

Louise had not noticed the incident. After breakfast she asked Gertrude what the matter was. "Nothing. Allen and I had our first quarrel this morning."

As she spoke, the train, high in the air, was creeping slowly over the Spider bridge.

CHAPTER II

WHEN the Brock-Harrison party, familiarly known—to those with whom they were by no means familiar—as the Steel Crowd, bought the transcontinental lines that J. S. Bucks, the second vice-president and general manager, had built up into a system, their first visit to the West End was awaited with some uneasiness. An impression prevailed that the new owners might take decided liberties with what Conductor O'Brien termed the "personal" of the operating department.

But week after week followed the widely heralded announcement of the purchase without the looked-for visit from the new owners. During the interval West End men from the general superintendent down were admittedly on edge—with the exception of Conductor O'Brien. "If I go, I go," was all he said, and in making the statement in his even, significant way, it was generally understood that the trainman who ran the pay-cars and the swell mountain specials had in view a superintendency on the New York Central. On what he rested his confidence in the opening no one certainly knew, though Pat Francis claimed it was based wholly on a cigar in a glass case once given the genial conductor by Chauncey M. Depew while traveling special to the coast under his charge.

Be that as it may, when the West End was at last electrified by the announcement that the Brock-Harrison syndicate train had already crossed the Missouri and might be expected any day, O'Brien, with his usual luck, was detailed as one of the conductors to handle the visitors.

The pang in the operating department was that the long-delayed inspection tour should have come just at a time when the water had softened things until every train on the mountain division was handled on slow-orders.

At McCloud, Vice-President Bucks, a very old campaigner, had held the party for two days to avoid the adverse conditions in the west and had turned the financiers of the party south to inspect branches while the road was drying in the hills. But the party of visitors contained two distinct elements—the money makers and the money spenders—the generation that made the investments and the generation that distributed the dividends. The young people rebelled at branch line trips and insisted on heading straight into the mountains for sightseeing and hunting. Accordingly, at McCloud the party split, and while Henry S. Brock and his business associates looked over the branches, his private cars containing his family and certain of their friends were headed for the headquarters of the mountain division, Medicine Bend.

Medicine Bend is not quite the same town it used to be. In the old days the construction department of the mountain division was cooped up at one end of the hall on the second floor of the headquarters building, nicknamed the Wickiup. Bucks then used to think twice before he endorsed one of Glover's twenty thousand dollar estimates. Now, with the department occupying the entire third floor and pushing out of the dormer windows, a million-dollar matter goes through like a requisition for postage stamps.

But in spite of his hole-in-the-wall office, Glover, the construction engineer of that day, was a man to be reckoned with. The West End men knew him for a captain long before he left his mark on the Spider the time he held the river for a straight week at twenty-eight feet, bitted and gagged between Hailey's piers, and forced the yellow tramp to understand that if it had killed Hailey there were equally bad men left on the Mountain pay-roll. Glover, it may be said, really took his final degrees in engineering in the Grand Cañon; he was a member of the Bush party, and of the four that got back alive to Medicine Bend one was Ab Glover.

Glover rebuilt the whole system of snowsheds on the West End, practically everything from the Peace to the Sierras. Every section foreman in the railroad Bad Lands knew

Glover. Just how he happened to lose his position as chief engineer of the system—for he was a big man on the East End when he first came with the road—no one certainly knew. Some said he spoke his mind too freely—a bad trait in a railroad man; others said he couldn't hold down the job. All they knew in the mountains was that as a snow fighter he could wear out all the plows on the division, and that if a branch line was wanted in haste Glover would have the rails down before an ordinary man could get his bids in.

These things are expected of a mountain constructionist and elicit no comment from headquarters, but the matter at the Spider was one that could hardly pass unnoticed. For a year Glover had been begging for a stenographer. Writing, to him, was as distasteful as soda-water, and one morning soon after his return from the valley flood a letter came with the news that a competent stenographer had been assigned to him and would report to him at once for duty at Medicine Bend.

Glover emerged from his hall office in great spirits and showed the letter to Callahan, the general superintendent, for congratulations. "That is right," commented Callahan cynically. "You saved them a hundred thousand dollars last month—they are going to blow ten a week on you. By the way, your stenographer is here."

"He is?"

"She is. Your stenographer, a very dignified young lady, came in on Number One. You had better go and get shaved. She has been in to inquire for you and has gone to look up a boarding-place. Get her started as soon as you can—I want to see your figures on the Rat Cañon work."

A helper now would be a boon from heaven. "But she won't stay long after she sees this office," Glover reflected ruefully as he returned to it. He knew from experience that stenographers were hard to hold at Medicine Bend. They usually came out for their health and left at the slightest symptoms of improvement. He worried as to whether he might possibly have been unlucky enough to draw another invalid. And at the very moment he had determined he would not lose his new assistant if good treatment would keep her he saw a trainman far down the gloomy hall pointing a finger in his direction—saw a young lady coming toward him and realized that he ought to have taken time that morning to get shaved.

There was nothing to do but make the best of it, and dismissing his embarrassment, he rose to greet the newcomer. His first reflection was that he had not drawn an invalid, for he had never seen a fresher face in his life and his assistant's bearing had the confidence of health itself.

"I heard you had been here," he said reassuringly as the young lady hesitated at his door.

"Pardon me?"

"I heard you had been here," he repeated with deference.

"I wish to send a dispatch," she replied with an odd intonation. Her reply seemed so at variance with his greeting that a chill tempered his enthusiasm. Could they possibly have sent him a deaf stenographer? One worn in the exacting service at headquarters? There was always a fly somewhere in his ointment, and so capable and engaging a young lady seemed really too good to be true. He saw the message blank in her hand. "Let me take it," he suggested; and added, raising his voice, "it shall go at once." The young lady gave him the message, and sitting down at his desk he pressed an electric call. Whatever her misfortunes, she enlisted his sympathy instantly, and as no one had ever accused him of having a weak voice he determined to make the best of the situation. "Be seated, please," he said. She looked at him curiously. "Pray, be seated," he suggested more firmly.

"I desire only to pay for my telegram."

"Not at all. It isn't necessary. Just be seated."

In some bewilderment she sat down on the edge of the chair beside her.

"We are cramped for room at present in the construction department," he went on, affixing his frank to the telegram. "Here, Gloomy, rush this, my boy," said he to the messenger. "But we have the promise of more space soon," he resumed, addressing the young lady hopefully. "I have had your desk placed there to give you the benefit of the south light."

The stenographer studied the superintendent of construction with some surprise. His determination to provide for her comfort was most apparent and his apologies for his crowded quarters were so sincere that they could not but appeal to a stranger. Her expression changed. Glover felt that he ought to ask her to take off her hat, but could not for his life. The frankness of her eyes was rather too confusing to support very much of at once and he busied himself at sorting the blueprints on his table, guiltily aware that she was alive to his unshaven condition. He endeavored to lead the conversation. "We have excellent prospects of a new headquarters building." As he spoke he looked up. Her eyes were certainly extraordinary. Could she be laughing at him? The prospect of a new building had been, it was true, a joke for many years, and evidently she put no more confidence in the statement than he did himself. "Of course you are aware," he continued, to bolster his assertion, "that the road has been bought by a lot of immensely rich Pittsburg duffers ——"

"ALLEN, THROW YOUR COAT OVER THE POOR FELLOW," SHE URGED. "YOU WOULDN'T LET A DOG LIE IN THE RAIN LIKE THAT"

The stenographer half rose in her chair. "Will it not be possible for me to pay for my message at once?" she asked somewhat peremptorily.

"I have already franked it."

"But I did not ——"

"Don't mention it. All I will ask in return is that you will help me get some letters out of the way to-day," returned Glover, laying a pencil and notebook on the desk before her. "The other work may go till to-morrow. By the way, have you found a boarding-place?"

"A boarding-place?"

"I understood you were looking for one."

"I have one."

"The first letter is to Mr. Bucks—I fancy you know *his* address ——" She did not begin with alacrity. Their eyes met and there was a queerish expression in hers.

"I'm not at all sure I ought to undertake this," she said rapidly and with a touch of disdainful mischief.

"Give yourself no uneasiness ——" he began.

"It is you, I fear, who are giving yourself uneasiness," she interrupted.

"No, I dictate very slowly. Let's make a trial, anyway." To avoid any embarrassment he looked the other way when he saw she had taken up the pencil.

"My Dear Bucks," he began, "your letter with program for the Pittsburg party is received. Why am I to be saddled with part of the entertaining? There's no hunting now. The hair is falling off grizzlies and Goff wouldn't take his dogs out at this season for the President of the United States. What would you think of detailing Paddy McGraw to give the young men a fast ride—they have heard of him. I talked yesterday with one of them. He wanted to see a train robber and I introduced him to Conductor O'Brien, but he never saw the joke and you know how depressing explanations are. Don't, my dear Bucks, put me on a private car with these people for four weeks—my brother died of paresis ——"

"Oh!"

He turned. The stenographer's cheeks were burning; she was astonishingly pretty. "I'm going too fast, I'm afraid," said Glover.

"I do not think I had better attempt to continue," she answered, rising. Her eyes fairly burned the brown mountain engineer.

"As you like," he replied, rising, too. "It was hardly fair to ask you to work to-day.

"Do not return this afternoon," he continued as she backed away from him. "This mountain air is exhausting at first ——"

"Your letters?" she queried with an expression that approached pleasant irony.

"They may wait."

She courtesied quaintly. He had never seen such a woman in his life, and as his eyes followed her down the gloomy hall he was overpowered by the grace of her vanishing figure.

Sitting at his table, he was still thinking of her when Solomon, the messenger, came in with a telegram. The boy sat down opposite the engineer while the latter read the message.

"That Miss Brock is dandy, isn't she?"

Glover scowled.

"I took a dispatch over to the car yesterday and she gave me a dollar," continued Solomon.

"What car?"

"Her car—she's in the Pittsburg party."

"That young lady that sat here a moment ago?"

"Sure; didn't you know? There she goes now to the car again." Glover stepped to the east window. A young lady was gathering up her gown to mount the car step and a porter stood at her elbow. The daintiness of her manner was to Glover a nightmare of conviction. He turned from the window and began tearing up papers on his table. He tore up all the worthless papers in sight and for months afterward missed valuable ones. When he had filled the waste-basket he rammed blueprints down into it with his foot until he broke it. Then he sat down and held his head between his hands.

She was entitled to an apology, or at least an attempt at one, and though he would rather have faced a Sweetgrass blizzard than an interview, he set his lips and with bitterness in his heart made his preparations. The incident only renewed his confidence in his incredible stupidity, but what he felt was that a girl with such eyes as hers could never be brought to believe it genuine.

An hour afterward he knocked at the door of the long olive car that stood east of the station. The hand-rails were very bright and the plate windows shone spotless, but the brown shades inside the glass were drawn. Glover touched the call button and gave his card, asking for Miss Brock.

An instant during which he had once waited for a dynamite blast, when unable to get safely away, came back to him. Now, he wished himself away from that door even if he had to crouch again on the ledge which he had found in a deadly moment he could not escape from. On the previous occasion the fuse had mercifully failed to burn. This time, when he collected his thoughts, the colored man was smilingly telling him for the second time that Miss Brock was not in.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

With Faint Praise

MR. TOLBERT LANSTON, the inventor of the Lanston typesetting machine, stood in front of the Congressional Library the other day admiring its beauties.

Two excursionists were near by, tall, thin, "Down East" men.

"What d'ye think of it, Jim?" asked one.

Jim looked wise. He squinted at the library for a moment and then said: "Oh, it's fairish, but it's my opinion that they's too much cornish for the tallness of it."

MAX O'RELL: A Satirist as Seen by a Caricaturist

By HARRY FURNISS

WHEN Paul Blouët was lying on his deathbed, and after the doctors had informed him that there was no hope, he wrote to a friend: "I fear that I am doomed. The doctors give me a few months, but I believe I shall last longer. At any rate, I shall try, for I'd rather wear a hat than a halo."

Clever "Max O'Rell" could not have written a truer or more characteristic epitaph for Paul Blouët than:

"Here lies a man
who thought more of a
tall hat than of a halo."

The high silk hat was exactly "the cap to fit" the head of this man. To say or write something smart; to make the crown of life—its *summum bonum*, so to speak—a *jeu d'esprit*, was the one object of his existence. For nowhere in his work can one detect any serious or sympathetic interest in those friends he so cleverly but superficially analyzed and criticized, and whom, with such consummate art, he turned into ridicule.

Herein Blouët was very unlike another distinguished French humorist, who came over and settled in England: George du Maurier. I knew both men well. Du Maurier loved England and the English from the bottom of his heart. Blouët disliked them. Both satirized the English. But Blouët always criticized John Bull from the point of view of a foreigner, Du Maurier from that of an Englishman. Both had married English ladies—two charming, clever, interesting women, model wives and ideal mothers.

But though Du Maurier became more English than the English, Blouët's nature remained unnaturalized. Du Maurier worshipped the English aristocrat, idealized the English athlete, and immortalized the English girl. His English children were perfect models of John Bullism, and in all he portrayed—whether with pen or pencil—he held up England and the English as models for the world. Du Maurier was, in reality, a man of sentiment and a deep thinker. "Max O'Rell" was neither. Strange to say, both thought and wrote in French; and both were translated into English. Indeed, all Max O'Rell's books were Englished by his clever wife, who also collaborated in his dramatic work.

Both were extremely French in appearance—Du Maurier more so than Blouët.

I recollect going to France with Du Maurier the first time he returned to visit his native country and watching him stand, in rapt amusement, gazing at the people: "They do amuse me so, my dear Furniss," he exclaimed. "What funny-looking people these French are, to be sure!" Yet, strange to say, Du Maurier himself looked more typically French than any of his countrymen, although at heart he was thoroughly English. He understood John Bull, and John Bull understood and appreciated Du Maurier, and applauded the "Thackeray of the Pencil" for his clever and fair satires on the best English Society.

Both men made greater reputations in America than in England. Was this entirely due to the fact that they criticized the English? I think not. It was in part, at least, because Americans have a larger public to appreciate refined satire, and—what is still more to the point—more enterprising publishers to pay for it.

His Popularity in the Land of the Enemy

UNLIKE the French, John Bull is quite prepared to recognize foreign merit, and is even prepared to give a preference to foreign food, whether for the body or the mind. He smacks his lips over titbits provided by a French humorist either of the pen or the pencil just as he does over the made dishes prepared by the chef.

But I do not think the English ever quite understood Max O'Rell. As an example of the way in which opinions differed about him, compare the following comments taken from the two papers in which I read the sad news of his death. One editorial says of him: "Max O'Rell was singularly fortunate in the reputation for literary geniality which his books acquired. It has been the fashion to describe them as full of only innocent fun without a trace of malice; but though it is perfectly true that they contain much of the former quality, we should find no difficulty in showing by quotations, if need were, that there was a great deal of the latter in them as well. Few people have said more vitriolic things about England and the English than he, and among them are some things which ought not to have been said by any gentleman of any nationality whatsoever."

The other publishes a paragraph in striking contrast: "If there is a moral to be drawn from the career of Max O'Rell, it concerns the practical value of a sense of humor in promoting the comity of nations. The satirist sets people by the ears, but the humorist, by teaching them to smile at each other's amiable weakness, predisposes them to friendship. We and the French are undoubtedly the better friends, and the more conscious of our common humanity, for the genial manner in which M. Paul Blouët alternately chafied John Bull and Jacques Bonhomme. As a merry mutual friend of the middle classes of the two countries he rendered a service to which they may now join in paying tribute; and one wonders, without feeling unduly sanguine, whether there will ever arise, among our foreign language masters, a German Max O'Rell whose kindly jests will have an equally salutary effect upon our relations with our Teuton kinsmen.".

The French would never tolerate an Englishman of the Max O'Rell type, living in their midst, chaffing them, ridiculing them and telling them disagreeable truths. Neither would the Americans. Max O'Rell's popularity in the States was in a great measure due to his ridicule of John Bull. Jonathan roared; but he did not roar much louder than the many English sitting next to him. "Funny man, don't-cher-know, this Max O'Rell; awfully clever; dem good, bai Jove; jolly true, too!"

But what of the funny man Max; could he stand chaff?

"My dear Furniss," he once said to me, "don't caricature me. I forgive you your dubbing me 'Paul Pry.' You didn't know me then—but it *was* unkind. I am a Frenchman,

THE OIL AND WATER WOULD NOT MIX

remember; I *cannot* stand chaff. In America they invited me to the Gridiron Club. I was told beforehand that it was a roasting club—a club that roasted as well as toasted their guests—and I was prepared. They would make bogus speeches, ridiculing me; I would reply in the same spirit. Good. The evening came. Up gets my dear, good friend, Major Handy. He begins by apologizing for asking the company to meet such a poor specimen of a Frenchman as I; a retailer of chestnuts, a man who lived under the false pretense of being funny, coming from an effete country.

"This was too much. I jumped up—I was fuming with rage. At first they thought that I was acting and applauded. But I soon showed that I was in earnest. No! my dear fellow, I cannot stand chaff; I am a Frenchman."

Not long after this I met him in a London club, in the company of Major Handy. Max O'Rell drew me on one side and introduced me to him.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Furniss. I guess, when you come to the States, we must put you on the grill."

"Thanks, awfully," I replied, "but you surprise me. I always understood that you Americans were in advance of us English. But in the Old Country we do not place the furnace on the grill, but the grill on the furnace."

His Sensitiveness to Criticism

AT DINNER at my house, one evening, I introduced Max O'Rell to another excellent humorist and good fellow: the author of Charley's Aunt, Brandon Thomas. It had occurred to me that when wit meets wit then comes the end of all seriousness; but I was mistaken, and I might have ended the quotation in its usual words. Brandon Thomas is also the author of Tommy Atkins, and still more heroic and Jingo awe-inspiring airs. He is a wit of the first water—English. Max O'Rell, one of the first oil—French. The oil and the water would not mix. The creator of Charley's Aunt had to acknowledge that he had never read one line by the creator of Max O'Rell. There were high words and long debate, and national characteristics were freely discussed. It was an awkward moment for me; Thomas was chaffing and O'Rell was seriously annoyed. It was the only occasion on which I had seen him upset. I saved the situation by suggesting our joining the ladies. In the drawing-room Brandon Thomas accompanied himself at the piano and, "just to clear the air," sang us his Tommy Atkins. Max O'Rell, instead of being, as was his wont, the life and soul of the party, sat in a corner of the room in sullen silence. Thomas then sang one of his delightful lullabys with the artistic feeling for which he is so famed. Max O'Rell rose, listened, applauded. Then, rushing forward, he shook Brandon Thomas by both hands and, with tears in his eyes, said: "Ah, my dear Sir, you are a genius—an artist."

I had never been so touched before. It was the victory of art, which knows no nationality, over prejudice; or—dare I say of a man of Max O'Rell's talent?—want of humor.

M. Léon Paul Blouët was born and is buried at Avranches, in Brittany. His father was governor of the prison in that romantic spot, Mont St. Michel.

Young Blouët was a soldier before he became a writer; and it may be truly said of him that he found the pen mightier than the sword; for after serving as a cavalry officer during the Franco-Prussian War and fighting against the Commune, when recovered from wounds received at Sedan he laid down his sword, came to England, took up his pen, and at once became famous. General Paul Blouët would probably never have been heard of outside of France. (Unless, by the way, over the Dreyfus case, on which he made some strong remarks the last time I saw him. He said to me that he, "in common with all right-minded Frenchmen," believed Dreyfus guilty, and never before so much agreed with Carlyle that England was composed of forty millions of people, mostly fools.) Whereas the name of "Max O'Rell" is known all the world over.

Strange to say, the man was known less in London than elsewhere.

When Paul Blouët, French Master at St. Paul's School and married to that charming and accomplished Devonshire lady, Miss Mary Bartlett, produced in Paris his first book, John Bull and His Island, which, subsequently translated by his talented wife into English and published in London, took London—as well as all Britain—by storm, his personality was so little known that in sketching him for Punch I had to hide his face, dress him as Paul Pry, and label him!

It was not long afterward, however, that we met. We were neighbors and saw a great deal of each other; so that although he had returned to France and I have not seen him for some time, I feel that in his sad death I have lost a charming companion.

A Humorous Incident of the Commune

APROPOS of his soldiering experiences, he once told me of a humorous incident that happened during the Commune. I have never come across it in print and it is certainly worth repeating. We were discussing the pros and cons of fighting at night.

"It is a mistake," said he; "the bravest men not only feel cowards in the dark, but act as such. I commanded as courageous a body of men as one would wish for. We were aware that a brave body of the enemy held a small castle on the river by a bridge crossing the Seine. We were to rush the castle in the dead of night, surprise the Communist soldiers and take it. I started, but I was horrified to find my brave men turning tail and, under cover of the darkness, actually fleeing away from the castle. I followed and tried

MASTER AND MAN

to rally them, but failed. It so happened that our enemy had got wind of our midnight manœuvre. Their officer was served in exactly the same way. One man after another decamped in the opposite direction to the way we were expected to come, and, when morning broke, there stood the castle and the bridge, with not a soldier to be seen! Such is the effect of night attacks."

Max O'Rell's most entertaining book is Drat the Boys, in which he gives his impressions of the English schoolboy, formed while he was French Master at St. Paul's School. It has always struck me that these experiences—those of the English schoolboy—inspired all Max O'Rell's subsequent work. He was, to the end, the romping schoolboy. John Bull at school spoilt him by laughing with, and never at, him. Young John Bull accepted him as a jester, and allowed him to deliver himself of the most extraordinary and bitter *bon mots* with equanimity—and so did the British public, always ready to pay him for telling more. John Bull does not care one jot what others think of him; a quality in which he probably stands alone. Certainly the French have it not, and Max O'Rell was what we English designate "typically French." Long sojourn in the land of John Bull and daily contact with its people neither rubbed off the French polish nor rubbed in the British oak stain. His opinions of us were hardly impressions. Rather were they merely reflections on the surface. They did not sink deep. He never understood the English—he never liked them. He liked the Americans better, but he loved only the French. He was, however, a thoroughly good business man. He therefore repressed his antipathy for the English so long as it paid him to do so. When he was paid by the Americans—as he was during the Boer War—stupid John Bull had a bad time of it.

The great failings of John Bull which deserve the severest castigation of the satirist are hypocrisy and cant. These Max O'Rell saw and did not spare. "Ah," he would say, "look at you English. How moral you all are! How pure are your cities, how chaste your homes—*on the surface*. But what goes on underneath? We French are not more immoral than you English; but we are less hypocritical. We live our lives in the open. You see us, and you English hold up your hands in horror and say, 'How French!' The foreigner in England, however, sees nothing of your real life, which is not more pure than ours."

There was no denying the truth of this. I have myself listened to the ex-leader of the House of Commons rise in his place and vehemently denounce the Sunday opening of Art Galleries and Museums; and I have also seen the very same man, with his daughters, in the Paris Salon on the following Sabbath. I have seen indecent caricatures lying on the table of the most straightlaced English gentlemen, who, if an Englishman had drawn such things, would have ostracised him at once.

Yes, John Bull, cram your shelves with volumes of indelicate caricatures, walk about with your pockets full of the vilest French novelettes, go to Paris and—when you think you are not seen—witness the raciest of Parisian comedies; but, if you do all these things, do not resent such men as Max O'Rell dubbing you a hypocrite; for you are one.

The Essence of His Wit

HOW often have I heard it said: "Ah, what clever caricatures one sees in Paris—we have none in London!" Quite so. But are these clever caricatures clever because they are "over the mark"? It is very easy to appear funny to an uncritical public if one can be coarse, as the old caricaturists were; but it is not so easy to please people who cannot appreciate refined humor and who violently condemn as coarse the slightest deviation from the commonplace, unless it be "made in France."

It is to the credit of Max O'Rell that he seldom, if ever, descended to be what English people call "French," but kept his writing, for the most part, pure, his stories witty, his satire honest; while his manner, to which, on the platform, he owed so much of his success, was perfect. His broken English added a piquancy to his most ordinary remark, and as a raconteur he was unrivaled.

LÉON PAUL BLOUËT (MAX O'RELL)

In nearly all the biographical notices I have seen, I find the criticism that his anecdotes were not always so new as they might have been. Apart from the fact that there are only half a dozen "stories" extant and all others are founded upon them, the only

MARK TWAIN'S PARTING JOKE

tales that can be original are those describing what has happened to one's self. To repeat these—as Max O'Rell did, with consummate art—is inevitably to incur the accusation of being egotistical.

Max O'Rell, as I have already said, was a good business man. In other words, he knew how to adapt his work to what paid. Those who have blamed him for being "superficial" and "flippant" surely did not expect the British, much less the Colonial and American, public to sit through a lecture of the weighty and dry-as-dust order given by a man with the reputation for humor possessed by Max O'Rell.

"The mission of humor," Mark Twain has observed, "is to make people reflect"; and it cannot be denied that a little truth wrapped up in a joke has more effect on an audience than an elaborately delivered fact ponderously propounded by the orthodox "lecturer."

Max O'Rell was popular so long as he was funny. It was when he became serious, interviewed Kruger and wrote anti-English articles for the French and American press, that he lost some of his admirers. Yet in December, 1898, when the Fashoda epidemic of anglophobia was at its height, Max O'Rell delivered a capital douche of common sense to *Les Patriotards Epileptiques* and told them some home truths which, of course, they did not lay to heart. It is therefore to be regretted that later, when there was another outbreak over the Boer War, Max O'Rell should have laid himself open to accusations, brought against him by the English press, of making speeches or writing as a pro-Boer. He was also called over the coals for a rather unfortunate remark about the funeral of Queen Victoria, in writing to the New York press. But these alleged *faux pas* appear to have been either the results of misunderstanding or of misquotation. They were certainly repudiated by Madame Blouët in a letter to the press at the time. Still, the impression they had produced remained; and consequently Max O'Rell found a section of his audiences somewhat less genial, perhaps, than formerly. Possibly his illness was troubling him. Anyway, he became very sensitive, and when an audience in the north "booed" him he left the platform, and it was freely reported—and moreover believed by O'Rell himself—that the antagonistic demonstration was to censure him for these alleged Boer sympathies. As a matter of fact, the demonstration against him had nothing whatever to do with the matter. He was engaged to appear in a popular course of Sunday evenings for the people in a north country town. The majority of his audience may even never have heard of Max O'Rell; but as most "lecturers" they had heard showed views of places, or otherwise illustrated their remarks, or had musical accompaniments, it could not appreciate a gentleman merely talking cleverly. They understood sufficiently to tell he was a Frenchman—that was enough. Max O'Rell's nationality showed itself: he left the platform, and seldom attempted to address an English audience again.

An Encounter with the British Female

THIS was not, however, the first instance of his being misunderstood. Many tales he has related of curious misapprehensions about himself and his work. One I well recollect. He disliked being called a "lecturer" or a "reader"; what title, then, could he give his entertainment? A happy thought struck him—he would call it a *causerie*. He was about to appear in a town on the south coast, and when he was in the shop in which the tickets for Max O'Rell's "Causerie" were sold a lady drove up and requested to return the tickets she had purchased, as she could not go herself, and would not allow her daughters to go to anything so improperly French!

"How English! Shall I ever understand them or will they ever understand the French?" he said to me, as he related the incident.

Like most Frenchmen, Max O'Rell admired the Scotch more than he did the English character. In his English Pharisees and French Crocodiles, a book little known in this country but popular in the United States, where the copy I possess was published, he made many a thrust at John Bull. For instance:

"Some fifty years ago a great English wit, Sydney Smith, said that it required a surgical operation to make a Scotchman understand a joke.

"'Well, an English joke,' he probably meant.

"However, the satire was neatly expressed.

"When the English get hold of a good joke and see it, it lasts them a long time.

"The Scotch are a hundred times more witty and humorous than the English; but John Bull still goes on affirming that 'it requires a surgical operation to make a Scotchman understand a joke.'"

Curious to relate, this contrast between the ways in which Frenchmen regard the Scotch and the English was Max O'Rell's very last contribution to journalism, in the number of John Bull published three days after his death. Poor Max writes:

"We arrived at a pretty country house (in Normandy), rang the bell, were ushered in, and were immediately warmly welcomed. By and by I saw the face of my kind friend grow reflective and a little suspicious, and I was not mistaken as to the cause. For, while my Scotch friend was gone to wash his hands he took me aside in the corner of the dining-room and said to me in his rough, Norman peasant farmer speech:

"'*Cochon d'Anglais, eh?*'

"'*Jamais de la vie,*' I indignantly rejoined; 'he is a Scotchman, my dear fellow.'

"I will not guarantee that my friend exactly knew the difference between an Englishman and a Scotchman, at all events, not enough difference to please a true-born Scotchman; but his face grew radiant, and he rubbed his hands exultantly in anticipation of the pleasure he was going to feel in entertaining a real live Scot in his house.

"When my Scotch friend returned to the room the worthy Norman rushed up to him, extended both hands to his guest, and said to him with all the fervor of which he was capable:

"'I am right glad to welcome you in my house, which will always be open wide to all those poor people downtrodden by the English!'"

It may here be opportune to publish for the first time a little incident, the account of which Max O'Rell wrote to me, a few years ago, from Scotland. It was my intention some day to emulate Oliver Twist and "ask for more," illustrate them and publish a joint little work on Scotch "Weet." The following is eminently characteristic of both Max and Macs:

"Master and Man"

THE Scotch are the most democratic people in the world. I do not mean in the political, but in the social, the best sense of the word. In Scotland, more than in any country that I know, a man, whatever station of life he belongs to, thinks, and rightly, too, that he is as good as another—not a good deal better, mind you, but as good.

"A man's a man for a' that."

This feeling is best illustrated, perhaps, by the charming relations between master and servant in Scotland. Dean Ramsay has told many anecdotes on the subject, but I have found none in his delightful book which better shows up the genial philosophy of the Scottish character than the following incident.

Not long ago I was visiting a rich Scot in his beautiful house and he proposed to give me a drive around the neighborhood. We set out in a dogcart drawn by a fine horse, and my enjoyment of

(*Concluded on Page 10*)

MAX O'RELL ON THE PLATFORM

THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE

How Rivers Would Eat the Fat and the Dean Go Hungry: A Reminiscence of Trinity College

By HAMILTON WILLIAMS

TOM RIVERS had a horror of Greek particles, Evolution, the Higher Criticism, and the Zeitgeist—mere varieties of nervous prostration. His pet aversion was Latin Syntax. The rule for "Quin with the Subjunctive" he held in special disfavor, but Quinn with the gloves on he judged a finer physical exhibit than any blank Discobolos from Thermopylæ to Connemara. His one ambition was Her Majesty's commission in the Cavalry, but an enforced preliminary study of the humanities he feared as tending to dull the fine edge of his manslaughtering proclivities. We shared a double set of rooms in Trinity College, Dublin. He and I were cousins german. There was a closer tie, perhaps, than that of blood; a dainty little curl of Titian red, that did not know enough to keep a secret, strayed into the letter with the wrong address and gave me away. For often, when I thought to pass an evening with the Differential Calculus or Œdipus the King, did gentle Gracie Rivers come in vision; the lithe and blithesome outlines of a freshening woman bud tiptoed from out the shimmering haze of the dissolving pages and there was a fragrance of maybloom with Nature's underwhisperings of mating time. Ah! well——! Our quarters, Tom's and mine, one flight up, in number 16 Botany Bay, were the Mecca of students of the athletic and convivial sort, mainly because of Tom. Sad to say, the more serious regarded them with anything but reverence. Members of Browning Study Coteries gave them a wide berth; so did the bespectacled idiots who sought Mahaffy's opinion on Fischer's view of Kant's Critique, or were interested in fugues. I have heard, however, a distinction drawn between the accidental wickedness which was mine and the substantial depravity of my genial chum, but the commoner verdict was *Arcades ambo*—"there is a pair av 'em."

MORE THAN READY . . . WAS QUINN FOR THAT FIVE-MINUTES' BOUT WITH THE MITTENS

Michaelmas term 186— was just open; we were fairly installed. Tom was splashing away in his morning tub, puffing and spluttering, a rosy-skinned barbarian at play. Alive with energy, he was like the throbbing engine of a fast express preparing for a mile-a-minute run. I was sitting on the edge of his bed in pajamas. There was a spot upon my back, high up between the shoulder-blades, which felt as if it would be the pleasanter for a little scratching. I was endeavoring to reach it—anyhow, the effort for the moment took my mind off the chilly prospect of my own cold plunge; it kept me from brooding. Outside in the sitting-room "Quinn with the gloves on," our much-prized skip, was preparing breakfast—the blazing fire, the grilled Limerick ham or toasted Waterford bacon, the eggs, the marmalade, toast and tea. Ready, more than ready, also, was Quinn for that five-minutes' bout with the mittens with which his young masters restored their circulation after bathing.

"Any letters, Quinn?" said I.

"No, sor, not even a bill."

"Too early for bills, Quinn," spluttered Tom.

"Say, Hamilton, supposing we give a wine party while our credit is young."

"Our credit has gray in its whiskers this many a long day. *Ochone*," broke in the sententious Quinn. "We" and "our" in the mouth of an English servant would have sounded familiar; in the Irishman's they raised you to his own proud level.

"None of your d——d impudence!" 'Twas Tom spoke. "Mr. Hamilton and I have made up our minds."

"'Twas aisy enough, *Alanna*, doin' that same wid what ye have av 'em. I'll not find it so aisy to darn the holes in me characther widout tearin' more in it wid a new piece o' divilment."

"You would have been at home in a Greek chorus, Quinn," said I. This suppressed Quinn: he didn't catch the allusion. For that matter, he would have blushed to acknowledge any difficulty in the six days of creation.

"At all events," I continued, "when you have done with the rooms you'll take a note to Wingfield & Brown's."

"All right, sor." Wingfield & Brown were grocers with whom my father had given me *carte blanche* on coming to town this term. Hitherto all supplies of that nature had been supplied by a former skip at prices that would have made Samaria stare. This *carte blanche* was a perennial spring of eatables and drinkables, but of a kind. It often happened that ortolans in jelly or rare Chambertin graced the table when our combined purses couldn't have bought a cheese sandwich and a glass of beer. All available sources of supply were pooled and held by us in common through an elaborate system of cross accounts, of checks and balances devised by the judicious Quinn. Tom's evening suit might figure on my tailor's books, my cob be kept by Tom's livery man. A practical business training this, away ahead of the politico-economic mysticism poured forth at lectures by that old idiot Williamson. I have indicated the nature of my contribution to the wine party.

Tom discussed, at breakfast, the provision of two pair of bruisers for the boxing, the source of the game chicken supply, and a match for Bourke's bullpup Towser. The guests should include about every man upon the Dean's black books—the Provost of Trinity, the Archbishop of Dublin, and her Majesty's judges were overlooked.

The meal finished, I started to prepare for a lecture, Tom for a stroll. You could hardly blame him. He was frankly bored by the indecent curiosity of the average lecturer. Mahaffy, one of the junior fellows, and a gentleman personally, very much at home and at ease with the ancient Greeks, invited Tom to look up the records of Pelopidas and Epaminondas. Fancy my amusement as I found him poring over Boxiana and the index of Napier's Peninsular War in search of the desired information. Tom felt relieved as I explained that they were early Irish missionary monks at the Court of Charlemagne. Now Tom has a great respect for my attainments, and is convinced to this day that Mahaffy only showed his ignorance by developing apoplectic symptoms as the results of his investigation were announced. At all events, he went for a stroll. I was left alone, but not for long.

My pipe was well under way and Herodotus was telling the story of the cats in Egypt, when a tapping was heard upon the oak. Our rooms, as indeed all others, had two doors, an outer known as the "oak," and an inner or "mahogany," which opened into the sitting-room. Between them was a small lobby, large enough to turn round in, on one side of which was the door of the coal bin or cellar. There was something in the manner of the tapping which made me suspect a dun, so before answering I stepped into Tom's room, and, standing on the bed, looked through a barely noticeable opening in the wall near the ceiling. This commanded the space just outside the oak. My inspection revealed not a dun, but one of our friends, Jack O'Brien, the only serious member of the whole circle. He had one preëminent recommendation—he was easily the best fencer in college and an all-round athlete. He was not in residence, as his family lived in the suburbs. A second impatient though no louder tapping and I was at the door.

"You will never die in a hurry," said he. "I was about to fetch a sledge-hammer and break in the door."

"Softly, softly, my little sawbones; why all this hurry?"

"Don't block the way—go in and I'll follow," replied Jack impatiently, and so I did. Jack pushed the mahogany to with his foot—I had shut the oak—and drew from behind his back and from under his coat an odd-looking parcel wrapped up in papers. He laid it on the table with an expression of evident relief.

"Phew! what an escape!" said he.

"COMPLAINTS HAVE REACHED ME OF SEDITIOUS ASSOCIATIONS"

"Escape what?" said I, somewhat mystified. I was mystified simply because I had to be, with Jack; with my other friends I should have waited indifferently the details of some practical joke, but Jack was one of the ultra-serious kind. One thing I knew, he was more than suspected of membership in the Fenian organization. "Great Heavens!" said I to myself, "is this a package of explosives?" It was clearly something a long way out of the ordinary, judging by his facial expression of intense concern.

"I've been trying to leave the college grounds with that confounded parcel for the last two hours, but every avenue is sealed. I can't scale the Nassau Street railings in open day. I am thinking of your rear windows: there I might scale the railings unobserved."

"If you're in trouble, old chap," said I, "I suppose I must help you, spite the World, the Flesh and the Devil. But what in thunder is it all about?"

"I'm sure I could trust you to the end, Hamilton, but don't ask, like a dear fellow—I really can't further explain."

"All right, Jack; but escape through my rear windows and over the railings outside must not be thought of. Remember, diagonally opposite is the Brunswick Police Barracks."

"Just now," broke in Jack, "I don't care for an encounter with the police."

"Very well, then, stow away your package here till night, and then take the gate or the railings at your liking."

"I'll go you, Hamilton, but this package must on no account be disturbed."

"Rest easy, Jack, I'm in no hurry with kingdom come. Put your confounded bombshell (here Jack laughed immoderately) on the shelf in the pantry, under one of the large dish-covers, and I'll answer for it—shall I help you?"

"No, no," said Jack hurriedly. "I'll do it myself." So he did.

"By the way, Jack, we are having a wine party to-night; would your wisdom condescend to come?"

"Well, Hamilton, for your kindly help now, I'll overlook your riotous friends and call; I should have in any case to call again for my package. Good-by, old chap, and thanks."

Going that evening to Commons, the junior dean joined me on the steps. He had been waiting for me.

"Just a word or two, Hamilton. Your career in college is sufficiently merry—I hope it may not prove as short. Lamp

ONE HELD A BASKET AT ARM'S LENGTH

breaking in the quadrangle is now a University offense. No more mere fines for a simple College offense. If Botany Bay finds itself in darkness again, you will be sent down without further ado. Complaints have reached me of seditious associations on your part—so look out."

"But, Mr. Green——"

"Not a word more, Hamilton; have dinner and have sense."

We parted. There was this difficulty that the junior dean was also my tutor, and it was not always easy to determine in which character he spoke. He was a charming fellow, reserved, as became a clergyman, but not stand-offish—elder-brotherly rather than paternal. Whilst carefully avoiding "popularity," he was respected by the students.

"Been having it again?" said the captain of our mess as I sat down.

"Yes, Jones—I'm afraid I'll have to join the 'Æsthetes'; too much roast beef is overheating for the blood."

There were parties at the table—the "Æsthetes" and the "Athletes." They were based upon a divergence of tastes in dieting. An Athletic *menu* over-long indulged in tended, so some said, to make us luggy from over-solidity of rations. Under an extreme Æsthetic régime, our stomachs were imperfectly stayed on essences and fragrant odors.

"Curse all French kickshaws," said Geoffrey Bourke. "Take a lesson from old Budds."

"Don't take the senior dean's name in vain," laughed the captain.

"Look at the old curmudgeon," rejoined Geoffrey, "with his half a dozen guests at the expense of the fellows' table. Watch how he pushes the dishes on 'em."

"Why not?" said I; "he shows himself the attentive host."

"Attentive, your grandmother!" said Bourke. "He's giving a supper to-night in his rooms to the same set, and he's taking jolly good care to stuff them here free of charge, so that they'll browse but lightly later on his private pastures."

"I wager you," said the captain, "the old tuft-hunter is on the lookout for votes against the coming vacancy in the Provostship."

"I'd give a good deal, all the same, for a chance at his bill of fare for supper," said Rivers.

"Much good 'twould do you," said I.

"What'll you bet, Hamilton, I won't have supper at his expense, if not at his very table?" retorted he.

"It's the first time I knew the Commons' claret to get to a man's head, but you talk like a tipsy man, Rivers."

"We'll see," said he; "mark me."

"You can't be at two parties at the same time, Tom, unless you're Boyle Roche's bird."

"I'm not discussing the metaphysics of bilocation, but I'll enjoy both feasts in one," said Rivers, as he rose from the table.

On the way out Bourke joined me. "I know Rivers' game," said he; "he's mad enough to try it. He'll masquerade as a porter and wait on the dean's table, or else pass off as some guest only known to the dean by name."

"Nonsense, Bourke; he's not mad enough for that; if he is, he'll try it once too often."

"All very well, Hamilton, but it seems to me there's a broad streak of devilment in your own demure mentality."

I laughed. Rivers and Quinn of the gloves, with a few borrowed skips, had worked hard during the day putting things in order for the night's entertainment. They had the assistance of two cooks from the buttery. The main table groaned under a supply of strong food intended as a basis for the wines and spirits. The sum total of eatables and drinkables would have done credit to the table of a lavish Viking. "Coming events cast their shadows before." At all events, a shadow of the densest fell upon the ingenuous souls of the law-abiding students within the quadrangles. "Greek Play" Jones, and "Oriental Languages" Whittaker, books under arm, emigrated for the night to Queen Anne's row. Praiseworthy, a theological student in No. 24, talked of braving the storm by laying in a supply of cotton wool to stuff his ears—but folks will tell such stories. Yet it was only when Geoffrey Bourke began to play the "Angel's Whisper" in trumpet tones upon his cornet through an open window that the real exodus began. The porters were beginning to anticipate trouble for the lamps in the square; their eyes twinkled as they looked up at them.

"Hamilton, I'm awful hungry," groaned Bourke.

"Hold on for a moment and we'll sit down," said I. "We're waiting only for Rivers; he's stepped out for a moment, and I want him for the carving."

There wasn't long to wait. Two of the guests whom I missed simultaneously with Rivers rushed, almost tumbled, in. They shouted a subdued war-whoop, whilst their faces blazed with excitement and fun. One of them looked as if he had stepped out of a coal-bin.

"What's up?" said I.

"The devil," said he. Upon this Rivers rushed in, swinging by the legs a smoking hot, twenty-pound roast goose. He landed it with an effort upon the top of the roast-beef joint.

"Get a dish quick, Quinn," said he, "for the bird of Good Queen Bess."

"Good Queen Bess, indeed," grunted Quinn. "The devil blow his bellows under her. I'm thinking 'tis the curse of O'Crummel the same bird'll bring ye."

For the moment I said nothing; I was too dazed to think. The whole crowd were risen and standing round the tables.

"Hurry up, Rivers, give us the story or I'll go mad," said I.

"Be seated, good people, be seated, all of you," said Rivers, as cool as absolute zero.

We dropped.

"The fact is, my worthy friends, I do eternally hate to refrigerate my midriff with cold victuals; a cold but interesting fact."

"And so, you lunatic, what then?" I shrieked.

SWINGING A SMOKING HOT, TWENTY-POUND ROAST GOOSE

"And so," he went on, as cool as you like, "Macnamara Daly and the devil helping me, I waylaid the senior dean's scullion. Hence this red-hot Capitolian beauty."

Well, I simply wilted. An abysmal chasm opened before. "Rivers, this is somewhat less of a joke and more of a catastrophe than your general average," said I at last. "It will send you and me down; every man here will be looked upon as an accomplice, and few of them will be the better of it." The serious side of life asserted itself for the moment. Cakes and ale are well enough in their place, but they may cost too much. The liveliest of the crowd were somewhat sobered by this prospect. I believe, on my soul, if the goose were for the time being out of sight, in the pantry, for instance, Bourke's notion to get rid of the *corpus delicti* by burying it under the coal in the bin would have prevailed. Unfortunately, there it lay before us, brown, succulent, steaming, odoriferous, eloquent of sage and onions and of all depravities appealing to the carnal minded, and done to a turn. No, *Moriamur pro rege nostro.*

"I'll tell you what," said Rivers; "I'll go scouting and find out if the dean's folk have any suspicions of the whereabouts of his goose."

"You'll stay exactly where you are," I replied; "we've had a superabundance of your scouting. It's the contents of his wine cellar you're after now. Of course they've got suspicions—you may bless your stars if they haven't a certainty."

"Come, come," said Rivers; "not so fast. Listen. One thing is certain: the fellow who was carrying the goose from the buttery to the dean's knows nothing. We weren't such fools. Macnamara pinioned his arms from behind, whilst I had my hands over his eyes. You must remember the poor devil couldn't use his hands, as he was carrying the precious dish and daren't drop it. Daly drew the coal sack over his head and shoulders down to the elbows and fastened it. Of course my hands were now free to seize the bird and dish. Not a soul saw us, as we were well within the shadow of the Commons' hall; moreover, the darkness must have covered everything, for we kept well free of the lamps.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said I. "I'll do the scouting, but you stay here, Rivers; Bourke can come along; I'll pass carelessly by the dean's—there's bound to be confusion and talking among his folks; if I find there is any likelihood of their scenting in our direction I'll signal Bourke, and the instant he gets back shove the confounded goose under the coals, cost what it may."

"That's fair enough," was the general comment. Off we started, Bourke keeping well behind me. I builded better, far better than I knew. As I passed slowly by the dean's, with all my faculties on edge, who in thunder ran into me, spluring and spluttering in his rage, but old Budds himself! He looked and acted for all the world like an apoplectic volcano. "Ho! that's you, Hamilton." ("Heavens!" said I to myself, "the game is up.") "Run, Hamilton, and hurry up Hingston" (the head porter); "some scoundrels have stolen a goose I had for supper—I've a roomful of guests on half rations as a consequence."

Now was the time to spar for wind and collect my thoughts. "Have you no suspicions of the men that did it, sir?"

"No, not in the least, but Hingston might set watch on the gates."

"How long ago did this happen, sir?"

"Ten minutes or so; but don't stop talking there; run on and notify Hingston."

"You'll pardon me, sir, but you needn't think to save your supper at this late moment. We can notify Hingston at our leisure, but the main thing is to find a substitute for your stolen goose." I could hardly get the last suggestion out in time to save myself from the old man's cane, for he was beside himself with rage. He might have been excused for forgetting himself, as he had once been head master of a grammar school and believed in birching, but the tail of my utterance saved the day.

"How do you mean?" said he.

"Only this, sir: I'm having a supper party in my rooms to-night, and a fine goose my mother sent me will be hot and roasted on the table in five minutes. I'm just going to my rooms—I need hardly say you're more than welcome to it, sir—cold meat is good enough for us, and we've heaps of it—I can then hunt up Hingston at leisure."

"Why, Hamilton, my dear fellow, you've saved me. I should have died of the disgrace—I shan't forget it for you—when shall I send for it?"

"Not at all, sir; my skip shall have it with you before you're well seated at table."

"God bless you, my dear fellow! Be off, then."

As the dean turned quickly to reënter his house I turned more quickly still, and, as I did, caught sight of Geoffrey Bourke running toward my quarters as if the devil had him by the tail.

"Woe is me!" I groaned; "he has taken the alarm and the goose is destined for the coal-hole." The swift-footed Achilles couldn't hold a candle to me. I caught Geoffrey at the door; I rushed into the rooms. The story was soon told.

"Not another word now—we'll do our talking later on." "Sit down, Rivers"—he was going out to dispatch the goose—"you've done enough mischief already. Bourke, take the goose out and put it on one of the large cover-dishes—you'll find them in the pantry. Quinn will take it to the dean's."

He did and returned. "Quinn isn't there," said he.

"Here I am," said Quinn, who had been out to borrow some glasses. He got his orders, went out and soon returned.

"I sent Smith, sir," said he.

"Thank the Lord," said I.

We sat down at last. The mess tent was full and the glasses were set, and with sharpened appetites we attacked the eatables. For a time there was comparative silence as became hungry men—at one time it was a veritable Quakers' meeting: not a word was spoken.

"Heavens, there's trouble broke loose somewhere!" said we all or thought we all in unison, jumping up from the table and rushing toward the windows. "Murder, sure enough,"

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MADAME PATTI TO-DAY

The Home Life of the Great Singer Who is Soon to Make Her Last Farewell to America

By WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

CRAIG-Y-NOS is full of beauty in the spring. No matter from which of the three railway stations you approach it, each of them with a soft-sounding Welsh name that takes half the consonants in the alphabet to spell out, the castle, lying on a flank of mountain rising steep from a narrow, bright green valley, springs to view at some sudden turning in the road. The scene, theatrically taken, could not have been planned better. Towers and battlemented walls glow a soft, warm brown; the great conservatories glisten in the sunlight; the river and lakes gleam silver between masses of shrubbery and groups of trees, and the close-clipped lawns stretching for acres to the water's edge are of the light brilliant green of South Wales, like the green of Ireland.

From the commanding height of the highway, paths wind vein-like between plantations of evergreen and leafy trees, and the glossy green of rhododendron thickets reflect the light. In June these latter are a mass of bloom, from deep red to faint pink, and with the rose garden in full blossom, make the castle appear as though set down in the heart of a huge bouquet.

Many of the walks are newly laid from plans by Baron Cederström, whose knowledge of landscape gardening and forestry has wonderfully improved the grounds. These new walks were specially designed to give variety to Madame Patti in her daily exercise, and between driving and walking she spends three hours a day in the open air on her own place and the Welsh countryside.

Life goes with method at Craig-y-Nos, and you may safely reckon by the clock what is passing there, no matter in what part of the world you happen to be. Guests at the castle are served with breakfast in their own rooms or in the big winter garden, as they may indicate. The whole front of this winter garden, which is about seventy feet long, is of glass and adjoins the conservatories. In front of it stretches the panorama of valley, river and mountain, the height of Craig-y-Nos, or Rock of Night, being directly opposite. The scenery strikingly resembles that of Southwestern Pennsylvania and West Virignia, in whose hills the multitude of Welsh miners that find their way to our shores must see much to bring to them the thought of home. All morning until luncheon, which is served at a quarter past two, Madame Patti remains in her own apartments. There she busies herself first of all with correspondence, which is taken up after eight o'clock breakfast, for she is an early riser.

In the years of her travel she has made many friends in pretty much every part of the world, and with a considerable number of these she keeps up a regular correspondence, doing all her own writing. This item accomplished, she directs details of business and the management of the place, though in the latter Baron Cederström sustains the chief activity. At luncheon the members of the family and guests meet, and walking or driving parties follow. At five o'clock, tea is served in the sitting-room, and at a quarter past eight comes dinner in the great dining-room. Following that is music or a visit to the Patti theatre, which is reached from that wing of the castle. Before eleven o'clock Madame Patti says good-night. After that the Baron smokes his cigar in the library, and there I joined him during my stay, answering his eager questionings about America, where he is shortly to accompany Mme. Patti on her tour, until late into the night. "I think," he said, during one of these talks, "that among the finest sights I have seen were court functions' where the ambassadors were gorgeous with gold lace except those from the United States. These men, in their plain black evening clothes in the midst of so much show, had the true distinction of republican simplicity. It seems a very great pity that one or two of them have wandered away from it and aped the court dress of Europe. Now that the precedent is established, others will follow their lead. A Franklin did not find need of any such dress at the Court of Versailles."

The collection of books in the Baron's library is characteristic of him. He is broadminded, earnest, and of highly cultivated tastes. A Swede by birth, his command of English is such that he counts David Harum in his recent reading.

When the King of Sweden was in London shortly after their marriage, Baron and Baroness Cederström drove out to register their names in the visitors' book. Meeting the Chamberlain he said, "Do you think the King can arrange to receive my wife and myself?"

"I will ask," was the answer.

Presently he returned, saying, "The King wishes to see you at once."

The Baroness had not come attired for this, but she was equal to the occasion.

Then came a pleasant instance of the fatherly interest of King Oscar. While Queen Sophie was talking to Baroness Cederström he motioned the Baron to come to him in another corner of the room. "Are you happy?" he asked.

"Yes, your Majesty, very happy," was the answer.

"I am glad," the King replied with a warmth that proved his genuineness.

This simple régime chronicled is the one followed at the castle when Madame Patti is resting and there are but one or two guests. At other times, when the party numbers anywhere from twenty to eighty, balls, concerts, plays and big dinner-parties form part of the routine. Of late years, however, Madame Patti has entertained less, being a good part of the year abroad, in Italy, Switzerland, France or Sweden. She generally sings during these absences, but always for charity.

Between times come the tours, spring and autumn, in the British provinces—tours that she has kept up regularly now since 1861, forty-two years. In summer the London concerts come, generally in May and June, in Albert Hall, a place so large, for it holds eleven thousand people, that Madame Patti is the only singer who can fill it. This has been the régime of her life since last she visited America, ten years ago.

But recently, during my stay at Craig-y-Nos, the quieter phase of life there gave a full opportunity to hear from the great singer herself some of the adventures that have come to her, and to study again, after an acquaintance extending through a good many years, the development of her remarkable personality. For development it is, and no young singer of twenty is more thorough in her up-to-dateness than the diva who has charmed us, our fathers and our grandfathers, during her half a century before the public, and who made her operatic début forty-three years ago in New York city. To-day at sixty, wonderfully preserved, she is full of life and youth.

That very first night at the castle there was a surprise in store. When for the evening concert on the big orchestrion in the billiard-room, she chose an entire program not of Verdi, Donizetti or Bellini, in whose operas she has won her triumphs, but of Wagner.

"I could not listen to Traviata and Rigoletto night after night even should a Caruso sing in them," she said emphatically, "but I should never tire of Wagner's Niebelungen Ring. My voice was never the voice for the heavy Wagnerian things but that does not prevent my devotion to them."

Nor is the assertion an idle one, for she is singularly direct in stating her tastes, and in this connection she has proved it by letting no opportunity slip of hearing Wagner's Cycle of the Ring. That night, when the music was done, she went to the man managing the instrument and directed him in the matter of some of the tempi which had not satisfied her ear.

MME. PATTI (BARONESS CEDERSTROM) AND BARON CEDERSTRÖM

THE GRAND TERRACE

IN THE WINTER GARDEN AT CRAIG-Y-NOS

CRAIG Y NOS CASTLE

Another night, when Wagner's Flying Dutchman was being played, she sang Senta's vision song with the charm of tone that has made her Lucia world famous. "I couldn't help it, it was so beautiful," she said when she had finished, with a smile that was half an excuse. And it was a Wagner program that she chose every night during my stay.

It is always true of the artist, whether painter or singer, that his heart seems to keep younger than the hearts of those in any other walk of life, and his interest in things stronger. There is something in him that keeps alive perpetual interest in things. When that interest ceases he is done. But with Madame Patti her interest in things, like her marvelous vocal powers, is very much in evidence

She shows that same hearty interest in the humbler of her neighbors, and in their lives and welfare, that is perhaps another of the secrets of her perpetual youth Their devotion to her is marked, but naturally like all philanthropists she has had her little disappointments, and one of these has been the poachers. She tells with great good humor of how they shot the game and half-wild ducks on her place and started little markets with them. When things grew too hot, several of the leaders were arrested and fined. This salutary lesson accomplished, Madame Patti undertook her idea of reform Ordering the pony-chaise, she drove to see them, reasoned the wrong of the thing out, and, when she flattered herself that she had made an impression, gave them the sum they had paid out in fines. But the plan failed. They were back at it again, in some instances within two days

But this does not prevent her, when she hears that one of them is ill, from sending things that he may stand in need of, so in time she may prove her gentle way the right one

The castle is a huge place and has housed sixty and even eighty guests at a time. The main floor presents a fine vista, commanding a view of Madame Patti's boudoir and three noble apartments, the dining-room, billiard room and sitting-room on one hand, with the drawing-room opposite, and on the other the library, the winter garden, and beyond, the conservatories An other wing of the castle contains the theatre which the diva herself had built and assisted in its planning A stereopticon show was organized there one night during my stay, the pictures being selected from a collection that Madame Patti had made during her many years of constant journeying

They awakened her recollections of some lively adventures, and you have no idea of the things that have happened to me," she said presently "A strange succession of events came in a house that we rented in Buenos Ayres. Even without being superstitious I dared not stay longer in the p[illegible]

I was under engagement for sixty nights at $[illegible] night two seasons I sang there with the same contract For this one I had taken a villa in the country I had only been there a few nights when burglars broke in during a hurricane No one heard them, owing to the storm, but they only succeeded in taking the silverware. A little later an inundation took place, and we had to make our escape in boats. Two nights after and we had just gotten back, the floor caught fire and we had the whole Buenos Ayres fire brigade in the garden. The next morning the porter was found dead in his bed. By that time I was quite ready to move

"But I am not superstitious except, perhaps, I do believe a little that if you meet a funeral coming toward you it is good luck and if it is going in the opposite direction it is—well, the opposite

"It is fortunate that I have natural self-command, for many frightful things have happened in theatres where I have been singing. Once I made a narrow escape in Moscow from burning to death. They wore very wide skirts in those days In turning suddenly, in my dressing-room, I overset a spirit lamp and in an instant my thin draperies were in flames to my neck. I held up my arms as some one threw a blanket around me. It was a marvelous escape, not only for me, but for those about me who were wearing light dresses as well I sang the performance as usual

"Another night, in Russia—I remember Governor Dolgourouki was in the theatre—the curtain caught fire Knowing that if every one rushed for the doors many would be killed, I stood still and made a little speech. The audience presently began to applaud, and then the blaze was out

In New Orleans a terrible disaster very nearly happened The theatre was crowded, and in the middle of the performance the gallery, which was filled to suffocation began to sink. It would have caused little short of a massacre had it gone down. When the panic began, I started to sing Home, Sweet Home. It was the one thing left to do for the orchestra, everything, had stopped. Presently things assumed some order and the danger of a wild stampede was over

"Sometimes happenings, exasperating enough at the moment, were not, perhaps, without a little gleam of humor afterward One of these was at San Francisco, and Colonel Mapleson, with whom I was then under contract, was arrested for the night in consequence. Two tickets had been sold for each seat in the lower part of the house for that particular performance. Something like a riot ensued. As a consequence the curtain could not be rung up until after nine o'clock. Think of singing after a scene like that, for the din came to me only too clearly behind the scenes, and I was worried enough over the cause of it

"In San Francisco it was that I made my narrowest escape, and that was the night a man threw a bomb on the stage

"I had answered two recalls, entering from the centre of the scene to make my acknowledgment When I started to go out a third time, Miss Carolina Bauermeister, who has been with me for years, said 'Don't go from the centre this time, go from the wings.'

"I followed her advice Had I not, I might have been killed. In the moment that I appeared for that third recall he threw the bomb. Possibly through nervousness, his aim was bad. He had intended to fling it into the box of a banker. Instead, it landed in the middle of the stage, just where I would have stood had I entered from the centre. The scene that followed was indescribable. 'You might have killed Madame Patti,' some one shrieked at him

I should have been glad if I had,' was his answer. 'She makes too much money as it is.'

"Well, when things were quieted the opera went on, and I sang to the end without showing the effects. But then, I am not hysterical

"Of attempted robberies I have had quite my share. The best planned of them was a burglary at Craig-y-Nos. The men were never caught, but the police said that they were experts. They chose a dark night, during a storm The thing was carried out with every precaution, for they had

THE LINTE RIVER

THE UPPER LAKE

stretched ropes all about the castle, to trip up the servants in event of discovery and pursuit. They found two big tin boxes These they doubtless fancied contained my jewels But one of them happened to be filled with cigars and the other with photographs. By the time they discovered their mistake something must have frightened them. At any rate they did not reenter the castle. The next morning my poor photographs and Havana cigars were found all about the place, where the burglars had disgustedly scattered them.

"But the warning served its purpose, and since then the castle has been patrolled from dusk to daylight

"Another experience was an attempt on my way to Mexico by a then noted bandit who had gained the name of Fra Diavolo, to rob me of my jewels. But we had expected him He jumped on the train where we were, caught sight of the men who had been engaged as a guard, and jumped off as quickly. I had left my jewels in Mr. Vanderbilt's safe in New York, so he really lost nothing after all

"But there is one thing that I cannot stand and that affects me more than all these things or anything else in the world—cruelty to people or to animals. I cannot stand it

"When I was a little girl we were in Porto Rico, where I had been singing. In the house where we stopped a half white woman beat a child cruelly. 'If you strike that child again,' I said, 'I'll strike you.'

"She retorted, 'How dare you talk that way, you theatre ch[illegible] Then the world looked at theatre people differently

'The next day she beat the little one again, unmercifully I seized a broom and knocked her down with the handle

Your daughter is a little devil,' she said to my mother

"After that the little thing would sleep on a mat outside my door. The child wanted to be bought, but we could not afford it then. God knows what happened after we were gone. But I was as strong as a little ox and I did give the woman a thrashing I cannot, I cannot see anything hurt!"

A STRETCH OF LAWN

THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON

V—Buck's New Master

"YOU POOR DEVIL," SAID JOHN THORNTON, AND BUCK LICKED HIS HAND

WITH the dogs falling, Mercedes weeping and riding, Hal swearing innocuously, and Charles' eyes wistfully watering, they staggered into John Thornton's camp at the mouth of White River. When they halted the dogs dropped down as though they had all been struck dead. Mercedes dried her eyes and looked at John Thornton. Charles sat down on a log to rest. He sat down very slowly and painstakingly what of his great stiffness. Hal did the talking. John Thornton was whittling the last touches on an ax-handle he had made from a stick of birch. He listened, gave monosyllabic replies, and, when it was asked, terse advice. He knew the breed, and he gave his advice in the certainty that it would not be followed.

"They told us up above that the bottom was dropping out of the trail and that the best thing for us to do was to lay over," Hal said in response to Thornton's warning to take no more chances on the rotten ice. "They told us we couldn't make White River, and here we are." This last with a sneering ring of triumph in it.

"And they told you true," John Thornton answered. "The bottom's likely to drop out at any moment. Only fools, with the blind luck of fools, could have made it. I tell you straight, I wouldn't risk my carcass on that ice for all the gold in Alaska."

"That's because you're not a fool, I suppose," said Hal. "All the same we'll go on to Dawson." He uncoiled his whip. "Get up there, Buck! Hi! Get up there! Mush on!"

Thornton went on whittling. It was idle, he knew, to get between a fool and his folly; while two or three fools more or less would not alter the scheme of things.

But the team did not get up at the command. It had long since passed into the stage where blows were required to rouse it. The whip flashed out, here and there, on its merciless errands. John Thornton compressed his lips. Sol-leks was the first to crawl to his feet. Teek followed. Joe came next, yelping with pain. Pike made painful efforts. Twice he fell over when half up, and on the third attempt managed to rise. Buck made no effort. He lay quietly where he had fallen. The lash bit into him again and again, but he neither whined nor struggled. Several times Thornton started, as though to speak, but changed his mind. A moisture came into his eyes, and, as the whipping continued, he arose and walked irresolutely up and down.

This was the first time Buck had failed, in itself a sufficient reason to drive Hal into a rage. He exchanged the whip for the customary club. Buck refused to move under the rain of heavier blows which now fell upon him. Like his mates he was barely able to get up, but, unlike them, he had made up his mind not to get up. He had a vague feeling of impending doom. This had been strong upon him when he pulled in to the bank, and it had not departed from him. What of the thin and rotten ice he had felt under his feet all day, it seemed that he sensed disaster close at hand, out there ahead on the ice where his master was trying to drive him. He refused to stir. So greatly had he suffered, and so far gone was he, that the blows did not hurt much. And as they continued to fall upon him the spark of life within flickered and went down. It was nearly out. He felt strangely numb. As though from a great distance he was aware that he was being beaten. The last sensations of pain left him. He no longer felt anything, though very faintly he could hear the impact of the club upon his body. But it was no longer his body, it seemed so far away.

And then, suddenly, without warning, uttering a cry that was inarticulate and more like the cry of an animal, John Thornton sprang upon the man who wielded the club. Hal was hurled backward as though struck by a falling tree. Mercedes screamed. Charles looked on wistfully, wiped his watery eyes, but did not get up because of his stiffness.

John Thornton stood over Buck, struggling to control himself, too convulsed with rage to speak.

"If you strike that dog again I'll kill you," he at last managed to say in a choking voice.

"It's my dog," Hal replied, wiping the blood from his mouth as he came back. "Get out of my way or I'll fix you. I'm going to Dawson."

Thornton stood between him and Buck, and evinced no intention of getting out of the way. Hal drew his long hunting knife. Mercedes screamed, cried, laughed, and manifested the chaotic abandonment of hysteria. Thornton rapped Hal's knuckles with the ax handle, knocking the knife to the ground. He rapped his knuckles again as he tried to pick it up. Then he stooped, picked it up himself, and with two strokes cut Buck's traces.

Hal had no fight left in him. Besides, his hands were full with his sister, or his arms, rather; while Buck was too near dead to be of further use in hauling the sled. A few minutes later they pulled out from the bank and down the river. Buck heard them go and raised his head to see. Pike was leading, Sol-leks was at the wheel, and between were Joe and Teek. They were limping and staggering. Mercedes was riding the loaded sled. Hal guided at the gee pole, and Charles stumbled along in the rear.

As Buck watched them Thornton knelt beside him and with rough, kindly hands searched for broken bones. By the time his search had disclosed nothing more than many bruises and a state of terrible starvation the sled was a quarter of a mile away. Dog and man watched it crawling along over the ice. Suddenly they saw its back end drop down, as into a rut, and the gee pole, with Hal clinging to it, jerk into the air. Mercedes' scream came to their ears. They saw Charles turn and make one step to run back, and then a whole section of ice give way and dogs and humans disappear. A yawning hole was all that was to be seen. The bottom had dropped out of the trail.

John Thornton and Buck looked at each other.

"You poor devil," said John Thornton, and Buck licked his hand.

II

"Old longings nomadic leap
Chafing at custom's chain;
Again from its brumal sleep
Wakens the ferine strain."

WHEN John Thornton froze his feet in the previous December his partners had made him comfortable and left him to get well, going on themselves up the river to get out a raft of saw-logs for Dawson. He was still limping slightly at the time he rescued Buck, but with the continued warm weather even the slight limp left him. And here lying by the river bank through the long spring days, watching the running water, listening lazily to the songs of birds and the hum of Nature, Buck slowly won back his strength.

A rest comes very well after one has traveled three thousand miles, and it must be confessed that Buck waxed lazy as his wounds healed, his muscles swelled out, and the flesh came back to cover his bones. For that matter, they were all loafing—Buck, John Thornton, and Skeet and Nig—waiting for the raft to come that was to carry them down to Dawson. Skeet was a little Irish setter who early made friends with Buck, who, in a dying condition, was unable to resent her first advances. She had the doctor-trait, which some dogs possess, and as a mother-cat washes her kittens so she washed and cleansed Buck's wounds. Regularly, each morning after he had finished his breakfast, she performed her self-appointed task, till he came to look for her ministrations as much as he did for Thornton's. Nig, equally friendly though less demonstrative, was a huge black dog, half bloodhound and half deerhound, with eyes that laughed and a boundless good nature.

To Buck's surprise these dogs manifested no jealousy toward him. They seemed to share the kindliness and largeness of John Thornton. As Buck grew stronger they enticed him into all sorts of ridiculous games, in which Thornton himself could not forbear to join, and in this fashion Buck romped through his convalescence and into a new existence. Love, genuine passion of love, was his for the first time. This he had never experienced at Judge Miller's down in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. With the Judge's sons, hunting and tramping, it had been a working partnership; with the Judge's grandsons, a sort of pompous guardianship, and with the Judge himself, a stately and dignified friendship. But love that was fevorish and burning, that was adoration, that was madness, it had taken John Thornton to arouse.

This man had saved his life, which was something, but, further, he was the ideal master. Other men saw to the welfare of their dogs from a sense of duty and business expediency; he saw to the welfare of his as if they were his own children, because he could not help it. And he saw further. He never forgot a kindly greeting or

HE LOVED TO RUN DOWN DRY WATER COURSES

cheering word, and to sit down for a long talk with them ("gas," he called it) was as much his delight as theirs. He had a way of taking Buck's head roughly between his hands, and, resting his own head upon Buck's, of shaking him back and forth, the while calling him ill names that to Buck were love-names. Buck knew no greater joy than that rough embrace and the sound of murmured oaths, and at each jerk back and forth it seemed that his heart would be shaken out of his body so great was its ecstasy. And, when released, he sprang to his feet, his mouth laughing, his eyes eloquent, his throat vibrant with unuttered sound, and in that fashion remained without movement, John Thornton would exclaim: "Gad! you can all but speak!"

Buck had a trick of love-expression that was akin to hurt. He would often seize Thornton's hand in his mouth and close so fiercely that the flesh bore the impress of his teeth for some time afterward. And as Buck understood the oaths to be love-words so the man understood this feigned bite for a caress.

For the most part, however, Buck's love was expressed in adoration. Though he went wild with happiness when Thornton touched him or spoke to him, he did not seek these tokens. Unlike Skeet, who was wont to shove her nose under Thornton's hand and nudge and nudge till petted, or Nig who would stalk up and rest his great head on Thornton's knee, Buck was content to adore at a distance. He would lie by the hour, eager, alert, at Thornton's feet, looking up into his face, dwelling upon it, studying it, following with keenest interest each fleeting expression, every movement or change of feature. Or, as chance might have it, he would lie farther away, to the side or rear, watching the outlines of the man and the occasional movements of his body. And often, such was the communion in which they lived, the strength of Buck's gaze would draw Thornton's head around and he would return the gaze, without speech, his heart shining out of his eyes as Buck's heart shone out.

For a long time after his rescue Buck did not like Thornton to get out of his sight. From the moment he left the tent to when he entered it again Buck would follow at his heels. His transient masters since he had come into the Northland had bred in him a fear that no master could be permanent. He was afraid that Thornton would pass out of his life as Perrault and François and the Scotch half-breed had passed out. Even in the night, in his dreams, he was haunted by this fear. At such times he would shake off sleep and creep through the chill to the flap of the tent, where he would stand and listen to the sound of his master's breathing.

But in spite of this great love he bore John Thornton, which seemed to bespeak the soft, civilizing influence, the strain of the primitives, which the Northland had aroused in him, remained alive and active. Faithfulness and devotion, things born of fire and roof, were his; yet he retained his wildness and wiliness. He was a thing of the wild, come in from the wild to sit by John Thornton's fire, rather than a dog of the soft Southland stamped with the marks of generations of civilization. Because of his very great love he could not steal from this man, but from any other man, in any other camp, he did not hesitate an instant; while the cunning with which he stole enabled him to escape detection.

His face and body were scored by the teeth of many dogs, and he fought as fiercely as ever and more shrewdly. Skeet and Nig were too good-natured for quarreling, besides, they belonged to John Thornton; but the strange dog, no matter what the breed or valor, swiftly acknowledged Buck's supremacy or found himself struggling for life with a terrible antagonist. And Buck was merciless. He had learned well the law of club and fang, and he never forewent an advantage or drew back from a foe he had started on the way to death. He had learned from Spitz, and from the chief fighting dogs of the police and mail, and knew there was no middle course. He must master or be mastered; while to show mercy was a weakness. Mercy did not exist in the primordial life. It was misunderstood for fear, and such misunderstandings made for death. Kill or be killed, eat or be eaten, was the law; and this mandate, down out of the depths of Time, he obeyed.

He was older than the days he had seen and the breaths he had drawn. He linked the Past with the Present, and the Eternity behind him throbbed through him in a mighty rhythm to which he swayed as the tides and seasons swayed. He sat by John Thornton's fire, a broad-breasted dog, white-fanged and long-furred, but behind him were the shades of all dogs, half wolves and wild wolves, urgent and prompting, tasting the savor of the meat he ate, thirsting for the water he drank, scenting the wind with him, listening with him and telling him the sounds made by the wild life in the forest, dictating his moods, directing his actions, lying down to sleep with him when he lay down and dreaming with him and beyond him and becoming themselves the stuff of his dreams.

So peremptorily did these shades beckon him that each day mankind and the claims of mankind slipped farther from him. Deep in the forest a call was sounding, and as often as he heard this call, mysteriously thrilling and luring, he felt compelled to turn his back upon the fire and the beaten earth around it, and to plunge into the forest, and on and on, he knew not where or why, nor did he wonder where or why, the call sounded imperiously, deep in the forest. But as often as he gained the soft, unbroken earth and the green shade, the love for John Thornton drew him back to the fire again.

John Thornton's partners, Hans and Pete, arrived on the long-expected raft, which, sold to the saw-mill at Dawson, equipped them for a journey into the East after a fabled lost mine, the history of which was as old as the history of the country. Many men had sought it; few had found it; and more than a few there were who had never returned from the quest. This lost mine was steeped in tragedy and shrouded in mystery. No one knew of the first man. The oldest tradition stopped before it got back to him. From the beginning there had been an ancient and ramshackle cabin. Dying men had sworn to it and to the mine, the site of which it marked, clinching their testimony with nuggets that were unlike any known grade of gold in the Northland.

But no living man had looted this treasure-house, and the dead were dead; wherefore John Thornton, and Pete and Hans, with Buck and half a dozen other dogs, faced into the East on an unknown trail to achieve where men and dogs as good as themselves had failed. They sledded seventy miles up the Yukon, swung to the left into the Stewart River, passed the Mayo and the McQuestion, and held on until the Stewart itself became a streamlet, threading the upstanding peaks which marked the backbone of the continent.

John Thornton asked little of man or nature. He was unafraid of the wild. With a handful of salt and a rifle he could plunge into the wilderness and fare wherever he pleased and as long as he pleased. Being in no haste, Indian fashion, he hunted his dinner in the course of the day's travel; and if he failed to find it, like the Indian, he kept on traveling, secure in the knowledge that sooner or later he should come to it. So, on this great journey into the East, straight meat was the bill-of-fare, ammunition and tools principally made up the load on the sled, and the time-card was drawn upon the limitless future.

To Buck it was boundless delight, this hunting, fishing and indefinite wandering through strange places. For weeks at a time they would hold on steadily, day after day; and for weeks on end they would camp, here and there, the dogs loafing and the men burning holes through frozen muck and gravel and washing countless pans of dirt by the heat of the fire. Sometimes they went hungry, sometimes they feasted riotously, all according to the abundance of game and the fortune of hunting. Summer arrived and dogs and men packed on their backs, rafted across blue mountain lakes, and descended or ascended unknown rivers in slender boats whip-sawed from the standing forest.

The months came and went, and back and forth they twisted through the uncharted vastness where no men were and yet where men had been if the Lost Cabin were true. And through another winter they wandered on the obliterated trails of men who had gone before. Once they came upon a path blazed through the forest, an ancient path, and the Lost Cabin seemed very near. But the path began nowhere and ended nowhere, and it remained to them a mystery, as the man who made it and the reason he made it remained a mystery.

Spring came on once more, and at the end of all their wandering they found, not the Lost Cabin, but a shallow placer in a broad valley where the gold showed like yellow butter across the bottom of the washing-pan. They sought no further. Each day they worked earned them thousands of dollars in clean dust and nuggets, and they worked every day. The gold was sacked in moose-hide bags, fifty pounds to the bag, and piled like so much firewood outside the spruce-bough lodge. Like giants they toiled, days flashing on the heels of days like dreams, as they heaped the treasure up.

There was nothing for the dogs to do save the hauling in of meat now and again that Thornton killed, and Buck spent long hours musing by the fire. The vision of the short-legged hairy man came to him more frequently, now that there was little work to be done, and often, blinking by the fire, Buck wandered with him in that other world which he remembered.

The salient thing of this other world seemed fear. When he watched the hairy man sleeping by the fire, head between his knees and hands clasped above, Buck saw that he slept restlessly, with many starts and awakenings, at which times he would peer fearfully into the darkness and fling more wood on the fire. Did they walk by the beach of a sea, where the hairy man gathered shellfish and ate them as he gathered, it was with eyes that roved everywhere for hidden danger and with legs prepared to run like the wind at its first appearance. Through the forest they crept noiselessly, Buck at the hairy man's heels; and they were alert and vigilant, the pair of them, ears twitching and moving, and nostrils quivering, for the man heard and smelled as keenly as Buck. The hairy man could spring up into the trees and travel ahead as fast as on the ground, swinging by the arms from limb to limb, sometimes a dozen feet apart, letting go and catching, never falling, never missing his grip. In fact, he seemed as much at home among the trees as on the ground; and Buck had memories of nights of vigil spent beneath trees wherein the hairy man roosted, holding on tightly as he slept.

And closely akin to the visions of the hairy man was the call still sounding in the depths of the forest. It filled him with a great unrest and strange desires. It caused him to feel a vague-sweet gladness, and he was aware of wild yearnings and stirrings for he knew not what. Sometimes he pursued the call into the forest, looking for it as though it were a tangible thing, barking softly or defiantly, as the mood might dictate. He would thrust his nose into the cool wood-moss, or into the black soil where long grasses grew, and snort with joy at the fat earth-smells; or he would crouch for hours, as if in concealment, behind fungus-covered trunks of fallen trees, wide-eyed and wide-eared to all that moved and sounded about him. It might be, lying thus, that he hoped to surprise this call he could not understand. But he did not know why he did these various things. He was impelled to do them, and did not reason about them at all.

Irresistible impulses seized him. He would be lying in camp, dozing lazily in the heat of the day, when suddenly his head would lift and his ears cock up, intent and listening, and he would spring to his feet and dash away, and on and on for hours, through the forest aisles and across the open spaces where the niggerheads bunched. He loved to run down dry watercourses, and to creep and spy upon the bird life in the woods. For a day at a time he would lie in the underbrush where he could watch the partridges drumming. But especially he loved to run in the dim twilight of the summer midnights, listening to the subdued and sleepy murmurs of the forest, reading signs and sounds as man may read a book, and seeking for the mysterious something that called, called, waking or sleeping, at all times, for him to come.

BEHIND HIM WERE THE SHADES OF ALL DOGS, HALF WOLVES AND WILD WOLVES

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Hope is good sauce but poor food.

¶ When you say a really good thing, stop.

¶ No one is really consistent until petrified.

¶ Modern business is the great temperance reformer.

¶ To-day's best should be to-morrow's starting-point.

¶ A wise merchant takes stock of himself as well as of his goods.

¶ The mule has a reputation because it knows which end of its ability to use.

¶ Central Europe occasionally reminds us that South American revolutions might be worse.

¶ Once a foolish man butted his head against a brick wall. Now he makes faces at the telephone.

¶ In a new undertaking, the man who prepares himself for the worst is not disappointed if the best happens.

¶ It is a mistake to say that the letter of recommendation is not worth the paper it is written on. In these days of wood-pulp, paper is cheap.

¶ "Gambling," says a philosopher, "takes money that does not belong to you." Gambling, we beg to amend, loses money that belongs to somebody else.

A Triumphal Progress

THE old Liberty Bell, which has its home in the birthplace of the nation—the State-house in Philadelphia—has made another triumphal progress, this time to Boston and back, with the usual enthusiastic welcome from bands of school children and women. Sometimes, in communities which were sufficiently intelligent to understand the full meaning of the old relic—it was welcomed by men also, mayors, councils and military organizations receiving it with honor.

As usual, also, a clatter of cheap, shallow jokes accompanied its progress. There is a class of men everywhere whose thinking is cheap and shallow, whose chief intellectual effort is the ridicule of things which other men venerate. They are the kind of folk who relish a parody better than poetry. They dubbed the old relic The Philadelphia Fetish, and found in it only a cracked mass of worthless pot metal.

But nobody can doubt that the bell in these journeys preaches a wholesome lesson. It is as well to remind the children that this nation once did proclaim itself free; and it will do them no harm if they look with reverence on the old bell which rang out the tidings and proclaimed liberty to the land and all the inhabitants thereof. Fifty years ago the American did not need any symbol to remind him that Freedom was the one possession which set him above all other men. He preached, he sang, he talked Freedom, in season and out of season. Dickens, Carlyle, all other foreigners jeered at him and his eagle—the Bird of Freedom. But he never tired of boasting. Here alone on the earth was Liberty.

He does not talk of Liberty so much now. He has other things to think of. His highest right as a freeman—the choosing of his rulers and lawmakers—he usually hands over to the bosses of his party. His chief business is to make money. That is the raging epidemic of the day.

In the hour when the old bell rang out the American threw off his allegiance to kings and to a ruling class. He was free from them; he is free now. His freedom does not only mean that he has a right to vote, but to live according to his own ideas. He can earn his livelihood and worship God as he chooses. Here is no king, no privileged class.

Why, then, should he make tawdry copies of kings and a titled class out of successful tradespeople and bow down to them, and imitate them? Why waste his life in trying to make money that his children may dress and dine and play cantrips like some coterie of people who never heard his name nor wanted to hear it?

The slavery to caste is as tyrannical in this country as in any monarchy. It taints the life of every village, forcing each little clique to cater meanly to the so-called Smart Set above it. It wears out the lives of countless men and women by the incessant struggle to make a show.

The day of Freedom which the bell proclaimed long ago meant that each man should stand on his own feet, his work in his hand, his neighbor as his brother, and God overhead.

Failures that Promised Well

IN NEW YORK harbor, not long ago, a pilot only twenty-one years old, and not long in possession of his license, was assigned to take one of the biggest ocean greyhounds down to the sea on a foggy day. It was his first assignment of such importance. In his agitation and anxiety, after passing the most difficult points in that tortuous and narrow channel, he ran the steamer fast aground within sight of Sandy Hook. Thus at the very outset his career is blighted, perhaps ruined.

Why? Because he undertook a responsibility before he was fit for it. Sometimes men have the misfortune of being cornered by fate and forced into untimely responsibility. But more often they permit their vanity, or their eagerness to get in, to silence that still small voice at such times which says to all but the out-and-out fools: "You know you aren't fit for this yet." And the worst of it is that most of the careers that are thus ruined are careers that promised well.

If a man of the right quality gets on too slowly, that need not trouble him. His order to advance will come, and he will go farther the faster for the delay.

Business Begins at Home

MR. CHAMBERLAIN does not seem to have accomplished much for himself or for the British Empire by his scheme of imperial protection, but he may prove to have accomplished a good deal for the United States. He has given us the opportunity of a century to cement our relations with Canada and secure the commercial unity of the North American continent. The Canadians welcomed the project of preferential duties, and they are correspondingly cast down by its rejection. They feel that they have been snubbed, and they are just in the humor to respond to friendly advances from us.

The relations of Canada and the United States with each other form beyond comparison the most important subject with which either country has to deal. The American market is already worth more to the Canadians than the British market, and its value will increase every year. The Canadian market is not yet worth quite so much absolutely to us, because Canada is still a little under weight in the matter of population, but in proportion to the number of consumers the Dominion already buys more from us than either England or Germany, the only countries that exceed it in absolute volume of purchases, and it is growing so fast that it is only a question of a short time until it will stand first in every way. When Canada has ten million people she will be recognized as our best customer, without a rival.

The Canadian question infinitely overshadows the Philippine question and every other issue of foreign or colonial policy that has confronted us since the purchase of Louisiana. The perversion of vision that has made us fix our eyes on distant trivialities to the neglect of half of our own continent that is dovetailed into our territory like the teeth of a cogwheel defies any attempt at rational explanation. We think we believe in the Monroe Doctrine; we bristle with fury when a European power sets a sacrilegious foot upon an acre of snakes and yellow fever in South America, and yet we deliberately promote European control of our nearest neighbors, who are worth more to us than all of South America put together. We allow Buffalo and Detroit to be cut off by a tariff line from suburbs as near to them as Brooklyn is to Manhattan or Camden to Philadelphia. There are more natives of the United States living in Canada than in all the regions from the Rio Grande to the South Pole, and more than half as many persons of Canadian birth and descent living in the United States as in Canada itself. It is time that the unnatural estrangement between two people so intimately related should cease. And there could be no more favorable opportunity than that created by Mr. Chamberlain to end it through the offer of a friendly hand by the United States.

Where Money Counts for Nothing

THERE is a good deal of complaint over the lack of imagination shown by our modern multi-millionaires. They seem to have the desire to "do something" with at least some of their surplus millions, but when it comes to doing they follow the beaten track of benefactions—follow it more and more timidly as the protests against "pauperization" increase in volume. Why don't they show originality? say their critics. Why don't they win the sort of fame that Cosimo and Lorenzo won for the De Medicis and for Florence?

But isn't this criticism unjust? With the rise of democracy, with the spread of the proud feeling of personal independence and self-respect, hasn't the position of the multi-millionaire as a benefactor become more and more difficult? If we had a Michael Angelo nowadays, not only would he not hang about Andrew Carnegie's house reading him to sleep, but he would be extremely sensitive about letting Andrew Carnegie come to his house even to read him to sleep, lest the public might misunderstand. If we had a Leonardo, would he be found making statues or silhouettes or sonnets under the patronage of Pierpont Morgan? What use would a Columbus have for a Rockefeller?

No; since brains have achieved a market value and energy an untrammeled opportunity, the multi-millionaire has been gradually crowding down to his own land of fame, to work in his own sphere—superintending his investments. Imagination wouldn't help him, and it might make him unhappy by giving him tantalizing glimpses of vast unattainable realms where money counts for nothing.

The Sieve of Fame

NO ONE has ever pictured Fame sifting names through the sieve of Time from endless dictionaries of biography and countless encyclopædic tomes, but that is the work the fickle dame seems to do, and even posterity has its smiles at the results. The way she gathers the shining diamonds and bits of gold from the mass and puts their owners on her scrolls is beyond all contemporary understanding and is ruthlessly destructive of every vestige of criticism. There is an unwritten law against erecting statues to the living. If we look back and find out how Fame makes her selections we feel like adding to the immediate recognition of the dead for immortality in history at least a half century of probation.

In considering the lists the remarkable thing is the apparent triviality of the immortal fragments. Indeed, we need not use such a big word as immortal; we may take only the well-preserved trifles of a few generations, and for illustrations we may confine ourselves to our own people and to less than a dozen days taken out of the middle of the present month. Here we have an anniversary book and an encyclopædia, with long lists of birthdays in July. When Benjamin P. Shillaber, born July 12, 1814, wrote the Sayings of Mrs. Partington, he certainly did not expect that his name would be caught in Fame's sieve, but here it is big among a dozen statesmen, soldiers and patriots. The following day is the anniversary of the birth of James Aldrich, who was famous in his time as a poet—but we have forgotten him. On July 15 we have two very delightful instances. Clement C. Moore was born on that day, 1779. His work was education, and if he had any ideas of fame he expected it to grow from that labor. But he happened to write The Night Before Christmas, and we shall never get rid of him. On the same day date, 1793, Thomas Bulfinch came into the world. He grew up to be a very respectable banker, and his townsmen did not think much of his scribbling—but some of the scribbling was put into his Age of Fable, and though his dollars are gone, his classic remains. Elbridge Gerry was a great man in his time—he was Vice-President under Madison—but it is much to be feared that Fame would have let him through had he not engineered a bit of practical politics which added "Gerrymander" to the dictionary. His birthday is on July 17. Mishawaka, Indiana, does not sound like the birthplace of immortality, but Miss Rose Hartwick, who was born there, July 18, 1850, wrote Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night, and Fame keeps it ringing.

When we consider these things philosophically we realize the absurdity of the frequent opinions we find about the work of those of our day. It is the commonest thing in the world to read of a new book being "a permanent addition to literature." We cannot know. The things we least expect will keep the few names from slipping through the sieve, and the great regret is that we cannot be around to see which they will be.

Men and Women of the Hour

IN ONE of the clubs in Washington there is a small room that is the favorite lounging place of the younger diplomats and the attachés of the legations. They gather there in numbers and talk animatedly in their own tongues

A few days ago a burly American citizen, who had recently returned from the West where diplomats and attachés are unknown, wandered into the club where his attention was attracted by the babel of tongues.

He walked to the door and listened for a moment. Then, in a voice that shook the chandeliers, he inquired: "Who threw the apple into that cage?"

A Far-Sighted Myopic

"PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT," said an old politician, "is unique in many ways. It was a favorite saying of James G. Blaine that no nearsighted man ever succeeded in politics. Yet here is Roosevelt—who must wear powerful glasses—President of the United States and in a fair way to succeed himself

"Think back and see if you can recall any other nearsighted man who has been a leader. Blaine said there never was one, and I cannot recall one. Blaine's argument was that the nearsighted man became too narrow, from his very affliction, ever to be great. Still, the President evidently is the exception to the rule"

A Case of Defective Hearing

WHEN Henry Norman, the English writer, who is now a Member of Parliament, came to this country several years ago, he made a trip to Washington and was entertained by the National Press Club.

Norman enjoyed himself hugely. He struck the newspaper men at the Capital as being a fine fellow, but they found he was a trifle slow in appreciating the jokes and stories that were told at their gatherings

One night as he sat in the Press Club two or three correspondents decided to try him out. Karl Decker was chosen as the spokesman. Decker took a little bell from one of the tables and walked over to Norman.

"Mr. Norman," he said, "I have been delegated by my fellow club members to say to you that we have thoroughly enjoyed your visit. We consider you a fine type of the English newspaper man. Before you go, and as a testimonial of our friendship and esteem, we have decided to present you a slight remembrance, and on behalf of the club I am instructed to give you this ring"

As Decker said "ring" he tapped the bell smartly and placed it on the table

Norman was surprised. He hemmed and hawed a bit, but then pulled himself together and said: "Mr. Decker and the members of the National Press Club: I can hardly find words to thank you. I have enjoyed my visit here greatly. I shall always cherish pleasant memories of Washington. I am overwhelmed at this evidence of your comradeship"

Norman went on like that for five minutes. He made a very clever little speech. Then he said. "I am pleased to receive your gift, but, as is only natural, I suppose, Mr. Decker, in the embarrassment of the moment, for we newspaper men are notoriously poor speakers, has given me a bell instead of a ring."

What the Wild Waves Were Saying

JUST before the Spanish-American war a number of Senators and Representatives went to Cuba to investigate conditions there and, particularly, to look into the reconcentrado camp horrors.

They were on a yacht and ran into terrible weather off Cape Hatteras. Everybody on board, except Amos Cummings, now dead, but then a Representative from New York, was seasick. One of the sickest was William Alden Smith, the Representative from Grand Rapids, Michigan.

After the weather had moderated, when they were off Jupiter Inlet, the party came together for dinner for the first time since they left the quiet waters of the Potomac. The cook had prepared a fine custard for dessert. Cummings didn't care for any dessert and went on deck to smoke his pipe. The pale, weak voyagers were partaking meagrely of the custard when William Alden Smith, thinking to add some gayety to a melancholy function, piped weakly through a porthole to Cummings: "Amos, what are the wild waves saying?"

Cummings blew a whiff of smoke from his pipe, looked thoughtfully off to sea and then replied: "They are saying, 'A little more custard, please.'"

And that finished that dinner, then and there

The Parable of the Innocent Pup

DURING the excitement in Congress after the Maine was blown up in Havana harbor Representative McCleary, of Minnesota, made an ill-advised speech. He said the sending of the Maine to Cuban waters at that time was practically an act of war and that some such catastrophe might have been expected.

The speech was not popular, naturally. McCleary was criticised everywhere. Speaker Reed, who was in the chair at the time the speech was made, spoke to Representative Tawney, also of Minnesota, about it next day.

"Jim," said Reed, "what's the matter with McCleary?"

"Nothing that I know of," replied Tawney.

"What's he talking this way for?"

"I don't know"

"Huh!" said Reed, "he reminds me of the Kansas dog that tackled a cyclone. You see, a family from the East moved into Kansas along back a year or two ago, and they didn't know much about cyclones. They had a dog, a fresh, innocent pup, bred in the effete and windless East. One day a cyclone came along. The folks scooted for the cyclone-cellar, but the dog, being an Eastern product, didn't understand. He hailed the advent of the cyclone with joyous barks and started off to tackle it

"The result was, Jim, that when that cyclone did business with that dog, which charged down upon it with open jaws, the dog was blown plumb inside out. It was a dickens of a predicament for the dog. After the cyclone passed along and the folks came out of the cellar they found the dog there, picturesque, but of no further value as a dog. The farmer surveyed the dog ruefully. He was a good dog and he hated to lose him. Then the foolishness of the dog struck him and he said, wrathfully: 'There, drat ye; that's what comes of keepin' your mouth open in the face of a storm.'"

The Presidential Goat Club

A NEW secret society was organized on the President's train while he was on his recent long Western trip. The society is called the Goat Club. Its charter members are President Roosevelt, Secretary Loeb, Assistant Secretary Barnes and the newspaper and secret service men who were on the train

The Goat Club has a simple set of by-laws. They are:

1. No charter member of the Goat Club is eligible for office therein

2. There shall be but one office, viz.: the President of the Goat Club

3. The President of the Goat Club shall be the most distinguished "butter-in" the day brings forth

4. Ordinary "butters-in," such as office-seekers, cranks and men with grievances shall not be eligible for office.

5 In case two men of equal station, as two Senators or two political leaders, try to "butt-in" at the same time, their endeavors shall be critically canvassed by the Goat Club, and the man who is most persistent and the greatest bore shall be given the office.

6. Ballot is to be secret, and it is the primary rule of the Goat Club that its presidents shall never know the honor bestowed upon them. The charter members, including President Roosevelt, shall be kept informed of attempts to butt in

7. Elections shall be held at any time. If, when a "butter-in" is in President Roosevelt's private car, a member of the Goat Club appears in the car and scratches his nose three times in a reflective manner, and President Roosevelt responds by nodding his head three times and raising his right hand, it shall be a signal to the members of the Goat Club that it is time for an election, and it shall always be known that President Roosevelt votes for the "butter-in" who is with him at the time the signals are interchanged.

"Butters-in," it may be explained to the reader, are persons who force their presence on any party or person The President had scores of them. The two most distinguished presidents of the Goat Club were a Senator from a Western State and a former diplomat. They were elected to the presidency several times on the trip, for although they were dropped at various points, they always 'butted in' somewhere else.

President Roosevelt had much fun out of the Goat Club, although none of dignitaries honored ever knew it existed Once or twice the President suggested the creation of the title "Honorary President." Some of the "butters-in" were so persistent that the mere honor of being president of the Goat Club did not seem sufficiently great.

A Lightweight

GENERAL CHARLES H. GROSVENOR, the Republican war-horse of Ohio, was billed to speak in Pittsburg in the last campaign.

The meeting was a large one. When it was time to introduce the General the Chairman arose and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I need hardly say to you that we are particularly fortunate to-night in having with us one of the greatest Republicans of our sister State, Ohio. We are to have the pleasure of listening to a man whose name is a household word in Pittsburg, who has fought for us the battle of Protection, upon which so much of Pittsburg's material prosperity depends. You all know him. Everybody in Pittsburg respects and honors him. He is our friend. His name is on all our lips. Friends, I now have the pleasure of introducing to you that sterling patriot, that rock ribbed Republican, that eminent statesman, General—General—Gen——"

The Chairman flushed, stammered, wiped his forehead nervously and then blurted, "General Gossamer, of Ohio"

English as She is Spoke

THERE was strife and turmoil between rival factions in one of the cities in the far West visited by President Roosevelt on his recent trip.

The Mayor met the President at the station. He told his troubles. "Do you know, Mr. President," he said, I haven't been able to get these people to corroborate?"

At the dinner that night the Mayor sat next to the President. After the guests were seated there was a lull The Mayor arose to the occasion. "Waiters," he said in a voice that reached every part of the banquet hall—"waiters bring on the feed!"

Senator Bailey's Accomplishments

SENATOR JOSEPH W BAILEY, of Texas, was born in Crystal Springs, Copiah County, Mississippi.

"Joe was a great lad," said an old Mississippian a few days ago. "When he was seventeen years old he had four points of preëminent greatness over any other young fellow in Copiah County:

"He was the best-looking young man, he owned the biggest watch chain, he was the best pool-player, and there wasn't a man in the county whom he couldn't argue down on any proposition whatsoever."

That was a good many years ago. Senator Bailey doesn't wear his great watch chain now and, so far as known, he rarely plays pool, but he retains his good looks and, to say nothing of Copiah County, there are few men elsewhere whom he cannot argue down.

Cocoa Tea Cakes

CORN STARCH TALK

By MRS. HELEN ARMSTRONG.

A child's craving for sweets is a very natural one, and should be gratified, but in a rational manner. When a child is allowed free access to the cake box or doughnut jar he is often tempted to eat when he would be much better off without food, so it is well to restrict the use of sweets to a legitimate place, as a dessert to the regular meal. Much meat is not a suitable diet for children, but starch and fats are very needful.

The fat of cream and good butter is easily assimilated and more digestible than the fat of meats. To furnish starch we have many food products to choose from, and sugar in various forms plays an important part. For pure starch we have nothing to compare with Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch, and it may be used in some dish daily without monotony. It is capable of infinite variety in preparation, and is both inexpensive and easy to use.

A simple cake that will please almost any child is one in which cocoa and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch form a part. The receipt given makes a simple and attractive cake which will give no one a pang of regret for the eating.

COCOA TEA CAKES.

Beat singly three large eggs into a scant cup of sugar creamed with a third of a cup of butter. When smooth and light add half a cup of milk and half a cup each of flour and Kingsford's Oswego Corn Starch sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder and one-fourth cup of cocoa. Beat well, add a little salt and half a teaspoon of vanilla. Place in muffin pans, sprinkle with chopped nuts and bake in moderate oven.

(CORN STARCH TALKS TO BE CONTINUED.)

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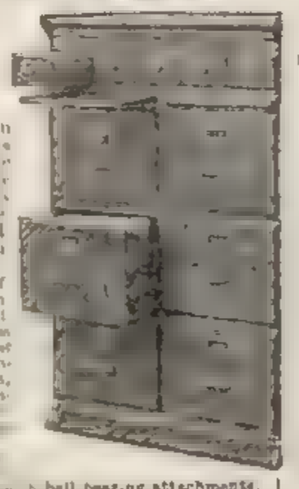

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE WATER BARREL OF THE DESERT — and other useful cacti about which we are learning from poor Lo.

UNTIL recently it was supposed that the cacti, though interesting as curiosities, were of no particular value in the world; but it has come to be realized that a good many of them are capable of being turned to useful account. They are of an order of plants that comprises some hundreds of species, and the fruits of not a few are good to eat — for example, those of the prickly pear, which is perhaps the most familiar cactus in this country.

The so-called giant cactus, so striking a feature of desert landscapes in the Southwest, bears pear-shaped fruits which, when ripe, turn to brilliant red and split open, exposing a crimson pulp that is decidedly palatable, resembling strawberry jam in flavor. These fruits are gathered by Indian squaws in large quantities at the proper season, being obtained by means of long poles armed with hooks at the ends. Water is added to a mass of them in suitable receptacles, and, after fermentation has taken place, the resulting liquor is drunk.

There is a kind of cactus even larger than the "giant," which grows in great forests south of the Gila River and west of the Sierra Madre Mountains. When full grown it attains a height of fifty feet, and its trunk is as large as that of the biggest oak. Not only are the burrs of its fruits used as hair combs by the Indians of the region, but it furnishes the latter with water vessels of a peculiar kind. Bowl-shaped holes pecked by woodpeckers in the branches of the plant are presently surrounded by a hard, woody substance, formed of a secretion which exudes from the wounded cactus. When the cactus dies it withers away, being mainly water, but the bowls, which remain and do not decay, are collected by the natives for household utensils. The Indians actually imitate these bowls in their own pottery ware.

The life of many a traveler in the deserts of the Southwest has been saved by the wonderful cactus known as the "water barrel of the desert." It is a spiky thing, about the size of a beer-keg, and defended by an elaborate arrangement of prongs and hooks. When the top of it is chopped off with a machete the interior is found to be a mass of pulp resembling in consistency the pulp of a watermelon. A bowl-shaped cavity excavated in the pulp quickly fills with the purest and most delicious water.

In the valley of the Rio Grande there grows, in rocky places, a cactus which in size and shape is like a small radish, covered with sharp prickles. At the top of each plant is a sort of button an inch in diameter, which when dried is brown and brittle. For centuries past the Indians in that part of the country have made a practice of eating these buttons, which cause them to see wonderful visions and to experience a feeling of ecstasy. Recently science has made a study of the plant, and from the buttons has been derived an alkaloid which is likely to be useful as a medicine. A tincture made by soaking the buttons in alcohol has been found a valuable remedy for nervousness, headache and insomnia.

OYSTERS FROM THE ORIENT — Japanese bluepoints are to be tried for the Pacific market.

THE United States Fish Commission is considering the advisability of obtaining oysters from Japan for introduction on the Pacific coast, where, up to the present time, the Eastern oyster has been a failure, so far as reproducing its species is concerned. Oysters in carload lots, taken from the Chesapeake and transported across the continent, seem to thrive when planted in California and Oregon, growing fast enough and retaining their edible qualities until wanted for the table; but, alas! they do not breed.

It is thought that Japanese oysters might do better. In that country three different species are cultivated — one about the size of our bluepoints, another that reaches a weight of four or five pounds, and a third that is a dwarf, so small that it is commonly collected without removing the shells from the rocks on which they grow. This little oyster has a shell only two inches long, and the "meat" is of the bigness of one's thumb. The first of the three described is the one that is wanted over here, however.

The so-called Inland Sea of Japan is a body of water which, as an oyster-producing area, compares favorably with the Chesapeake. It is a great natural preserve for fish and shellfish — free from the dangers of an open gulf, and yet sufficiently open to the sea to secure the requisite brackishness and renewal of water. The bays of this marine lake are seen at low tide to be covered with oyster farms, each of which is a simple inclosure of bamboos stuck into the mud. Upon the bamboos and their interlacing branches the oysters grow.

Each summer, when the oysters are about to spawn, fresh bamboos are planted out to catch the baby bivalves as they float about in search of something solid to take hold of. Pretty soon they become covered with the "spat," and a couple of years later the half grown bivalves are knocked off with a pick like tool, raked up, put into baskets, and transplanted. A year or two more and they are ready for market. The beds are examined and cleaned at low tides, the boring whelks which eat the oysters being removed. Starfish, happily, give no trouble in those waters.

Whether this kind of oyster would do well and breed on our Pacific coast can only be ascertained by trying, of course. The experts of the Fish Commission think it worth while to make the experiment, which would not be at all expensive. So far as practicable, the Japanese methods of culture would be imitated.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF AT SEA — A ship's hearing trumpet that registers direction as well as sound in the densest fog

COLLISIONS at sea usually occur during dense fogs that obscure the signal-lights of ships. The ringing of bells and blowing of whistles are not always adequate warning. Recently, in a fog off the Virginia coast, each vessel heard the warning whistle of the other, but the location of neither ship could be definitely determined and a tragedy resulted.

A fog-signal has now been perfected which promises to reduce danger from collision at sea to a minimum. In indicating the source and intensity of sound from second to second, the apparatus is said to operate with a fidelity as remarkable as that of the graphophone in reproducing sound. The recording needle not only indicates the direction from which a sound proceeds, but also shows whether it is approaching or receding.

The device has been tested in European waters with satisfactory results. Among the experiments thus far conducted was one with two steamers, one equipped with the signal and one without. The latter was instructed to take an erratic course in respect to the first vessel, sometimes in front, sometimes aft, sometimes on the larboard and again on the starboard side, all the time blowing its siren. In the captain's cabin of the vessel supplied with the signal-indicator the operator was enabled instantly to detect the course and zigzag manœuvres of the other vessel. By means of a secondary indicator these findings were instantaneously reported to the officer on the bridge, and the vessel's course was controlled so as safely to avoid contact with its variable companion.

So faithful is the sound-recorder that a pilot, following its indications, can safely bring a vessel into port during the densest kind of fog. The mechanism of the signal is very interesting. Arranged in a circle high on a mast and turned to every point of the horizon are many trumpets, the small ends of which connect with tubes running to a sound indicator below. A revolving index-finger as sensitive as a magnetic needle is operated by sounds that enter the trumpets and pass down the acoustic tubes. The latter terminate in a circular steel table, the end of each tube being numbered to correspond with the trumpet from which it leads. Leading from the terminal sound-central is a telephone arrangement by which an operator is enabled himself to hear the sounds as he watches the vibrating recorder. Whatever the sound-recorder reveals is communicated at once to the officers of the vessel. It is accomplishing by scientific registration of sound-waves what a sailor with binocular glasses is enabled to record on a clear day from his lookout in the crow's nest.

HE HAD STRENGTH

But Lacked Mental Power.

Food may make a body strong and stout and yet not strengthen the brain unless the food be rich in albumen and Phosphate of Potash, on which the delicate cells of the brain and nerves must be rebuilt.

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"In the fall of 1899 I entered the Indiana Dental College at Indianapolis after a summer of hard work, during which time I consumed as much bread, meats, potatoes, etc., as the average human being will eat, and although I felt well physically I was utterly incapable of hard study, and on warm afternoons during lectures I could hardly keep awake. I could not study at night at all and would wake in the morning with heavy headaches.

"For a month this continued, until one day I read about the food Grape-Nuts and knew that it was what I needed. I do not mind acknowledging also that I wanted a cheaper food, for my resources were almost exhausted. To my surprise everyone of the bad conditions resulting from the improper food I had been eating disappeared entirely, and in a few days my mind was clear and strong with no sleepiness after meals, no headaches in the morning, and I felt better in every way than I ever had felt before.

"During that entire term Grape-Nuts was my principal diet and my general average of 96.6 I firmly believe is due to Grape-Nuts. As a brain food Grape-Nuts is certainly a wonder." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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The Reading Table

A Civil Commander-in-Chief

WHATEVER else Secretary Shaw may be accused of, he cannot be called a military man. This fact has never weighed against him in his native State, for the people of Iowa as a class are very unostentatious, and much prefer the simple manners of the man of business to the gold lace and trappings of an army officer. However, as Governor of the State he was called upon to act as the Commander-in-Chief of the Iowa National Guard, and one little incident will serve to show his utter lack of familiarity with military forms

An Iowa regiment was holding its annual encampment at Cedar Rapids and the Governor had set aside one day in which personally to inspect the camp and review the troops. The officers made great preparations to receive His Excellency properly and were in a considerable flurry lest there should be a hitch in some of the proceedings. A sergeant had been detailed from one of the companies as personal orderly to the distinguished visitor, and the adjutant spent upwards of an hour, on the morning of the visit, seeing to it that the soldier who had been awarded this honor was in perfect condition to report to the Governor. At last the Governor was driven into camp and the ceremonies began

The Colonel received him, formally introduced the members of his staff, and then presented the ladies who were collected at headquarters. Mr. Shaw fulfilled his part of the performance creditably up to that time.

Then the adjutant, standing behind the orderly, gave the man a nudge, and the soldier stepped forward until he faced Shaw His back stiffened as though braced with a two-inch plank and his eyes had that resolute, far-away look of a soldier on an important duty. His right arm shot up to his cap in a stiff military salute.

"Sir, Sergeant Blank has the honor to report as orderly for the day from Company L."

The Governor turned, saw him, and hesitated not a moment. Holding out his right hand, he grasped that of the soldier in a hearty clasp and said:

"How are you; I'm glad to know you."

The orderly was soon relieved from duty.

An Arresting Joke

SENATOR DEPEW sometimes tells how, on at least one occasion, he was induced by a well-turned joke to render a service which the exigencies of business might otherwise have led him to deny.

The incident occurred during Mr. Depew's occupancy of the office of President of the New York Central Company. One afternoon the future Senator received a telegram from a small town near Buffalo reading as follows

"Kindly have Empire State Express stop here to take on Mrs. Platt and ME TOO."

Although it was entirely unusual and, in fact, opposed to the policy of the company to stop a limited express at an unimportant station, yet Mr. Depew issued a special order. Not long afterward Mr. Depew in conversation with Mr. Platt alluded to the telegram, saying with a chuckle that had the telegram come signed merely "T. C. Platt" he was afraid the Senator would have been forced to take another train

"Just so," added Mr Platt. "I realized that a joke would catch you where other means would fail; so I sent the telegram signed in that way as I particularly wished to make that train

Undergraduate Logic

DR. WOODROW WILSON, President of Princeton University, says that it is astonishing how humorously, and, in a way logically, the young student will interpret the questions propounded to him. Doctor Wilson gives an amusing example of undergraduate logic told him by a friend. The instructor in natural history desired a certain pupil to give in writing the difference between a biped and a quadruped. The teacher was as much amused as he was astonished to receive the following

"A biped has two legs; a quadruped has four legs; the difference, therefore, between a biped and a quadruped is two legs."

What the Doctor Ordered

IN THE United States Senate, when a member is conducting the discussion of some bill which attracts much attention, he is called upon to reply to all sorts of searching criticisms To get a contested measure through requires strength of purpose, nimble wit and complete knowledge of the subject. The ordeal also levies upon the physical strength of the man in charge

One day during a big debate in the recent session, Senator Spooner, who was in charge, did not feel so well as usual and forthwith consulted his physician, a man who is a close student of public affairs

"There is nothing serious the matter with you," said the medical man. "You have been on a strain, that's all. I'll give you some pills which you will find to be an excellent nerve tonic. Take them in the morning just before going to the Senate"

"How many shall I take?"

"That depends upon circumstances," replied the physician. "Let's see who's slated to criticise your bill to-morrow?"

The Senator from Wisconsin mentioned the name of a colleague known as a strong and resourceful debater

"Take three pills,' said the physician "Who's to be your opponent the next day?"

The name of a Senator not quite so formidable as the first was given

"Two pills," said the doctor "And who's the man you meet in debate the following day?"

The name was given

"One pill will do. And who is down to assail your bill and ask you questions on the fourth day?"

Senator Spooner named a Senator who evidently had not impressed the physician

"You may omit the pills entirely that day"

The Senator laughed. "Next week I am to have Tillman, of South Carolina, on my hands," he volunteered.

"On that day take four pills before going to the Capitol and one every half hour during the rest of the day."

BEWITCHED

By JOE LINCOLN

There's a broken-legged doll in the best parlor chair,
With a tin locomotive some out of repair,
Underneath the hall mat there are marbles—a few—
They're the dickens and all when yer step on 'em too!
There are blocks on the table and books on the floor,
And sticky fat finger-prints marked on the door,
And the house that was slick and neat as a pin
Looks like a stray whirlwind had somehow sneaked in

The work-basket's spilled and there's knots in the yarn,
The cat has changed lodgin's and sleeps in the barn,
The chickens are nervous, the ducks are upset,
And Dobbin shows signs that there's life in him yet;
Why, even the cows have begun to look queer,
And Towser's barked more than he has for a year:
The whole blessed place has been tuned up and pitched
To a jig in High C, like as if 'twas bewitched.

And him, the small wizard, that's workin' the spell,
He's up there asleep in the room in the ell,
Asleep in the crib that's been empty—My, my!
It hurts me to think how the years have slipped by,
Asleep in the crib that we've set by so oft,
With Mother a-hummin' her lullabies soft,
And me dreamin' dreams kinder lazy and slow,
But never a grandchild in one of 'em—no!

And now as I set here and rock by the blaze,
I see Mother's face through a wet sort of haze,
And somehow the gray has gone out of her hair,
And her cheeks are unmarked by the fingers of Care;
And I know as she looks at the toys on the floor,
She's a-dreadin' the time when it's quiet once more,
When the spell has been broke and the place settles down,
And the curly-haired wizard has gone back to town.

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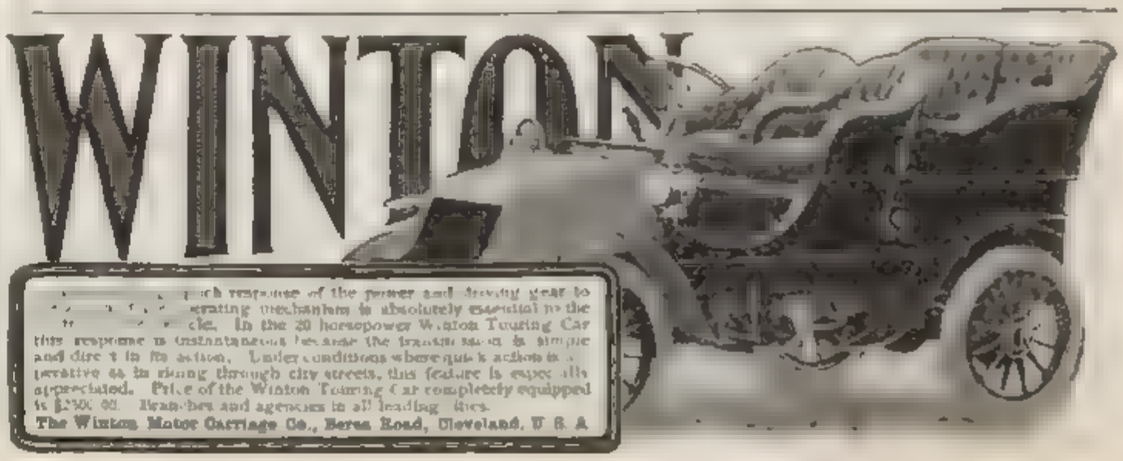
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

WINTON



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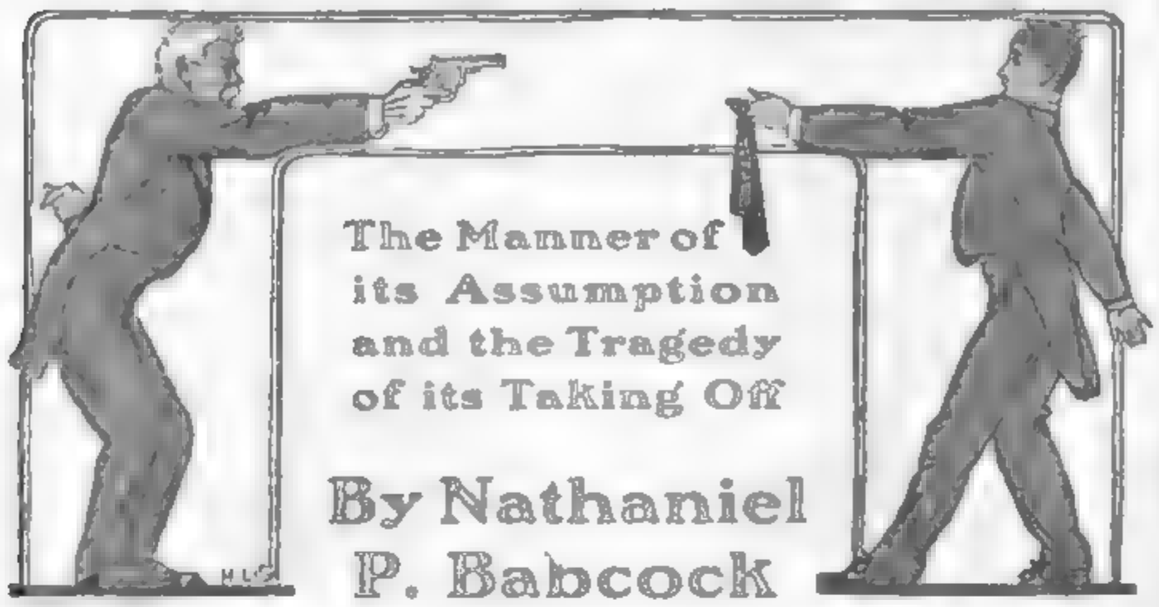


The Manner of its Assumption and the Tragedy of its Taking Off

By Nathaniel P. Babcock

HOWEVER little attention may have been attracted generally by the brief death notice of Col. Robert B. Dunwald, aged eighty-two, which appeared in the public prints a few days ago, it constituted an item of more than ordinary fascination to the eyes of this humble chronicler.

Strange how a name in print can bring before one the sight of features and the sound of a voice long forgotten. "Take it off!" said the Colonel. All of thirty years ago—yes, fully that—but the sound is much more distinct, the tone more definitely keyed in my ear at this moment than the chatter of either of my daughters, who take after their mother and talk too much, and who have but this moment left me in peace with my pipe.

If it were possible to predict with intelligence any course of action for a woman so eccentric in habits of mind as was Miss Etta Haines at the time I knew her, it would seem safe to say that the little notice of Colonel Dunwald's somewhat delayed flight from this world, if it has fallen under her observation, has been not without its agitating effect upon her. Perhaps, however, her trans-celestial flight antedates the Colonel's. When last I heard of her she was upon a Chinese mission bent, and that was, oh, very, very long ago.

It was in Mrs. Bixby's boarding-house that the line of Miss Etta's life impinged for a brief season upon the line of my own. She was country-reared and of the farm, farmy I was, or thought I was, through half a dozen years of New York boarding house life, thoroughly cosmopolitan. She was studying "art" at the Cooper Union and her mind maintained an attitude of rebellion toward the rich and the proud of the earth simply because they were favored and rich. To me the inequalities of life did not appear entirely regrettable.

To her the word "aristocratic" was offensive; to me it was a stimulant. She called me a snob and I wasn't displeased. I called her a "Philistine" (without exactly knowing what it meant) and she liked it.

How the idea of asking Miss Haines to the opera originated in my mind I don't know, but I remember distinctly, after she had accepted the invitation, that I became tormented with the thought, "Suppose she should elect to go in a cotton waist, without gloves!"

The seats that had fallen to my lot for that Wednesday night through the calling out of town of my employer—a stockbroker—were on the aisle in the parquette, well in the centre of refulgence from the rays of that famous overhanging "horseshoe" in the old Academy of Music, where, as the newspaper reporters of those days would say, "diamonds flashed and white shoulders gleamed in the yellow light of myriad gas jets."

My anxiety must have betrayed itself, for the girl said to me: "You are wondering what I am going to wear?"

Gallantry is inborn. How could I answer other than: "I am sure you will be charming in whatever costume you choose."

"Are you sure [illegible], that you will not be ashamed of your country cousin? To begin with, I have no opera cloak."

There was something pathetic in this remark, although the young woman's tone was light enough. I thought I perceived a weakening in her boasted armor of defense against the vanities of a fashionable world. I almost wished my tickets had called for seats up among the rafters of the Temple of Music, that I might say, "Fie, fie upon externals; get your shawl and bonnet; I have the peanuts; come on." It must have been with such thought in my mind that I *did* say:

"You entirely misjudge me. It wouldn't make the least difference to me if you chose to go in Mrs. Bixby's saffron wrapper."

Miss Etta laughed.

"I shall ask for the saffron wrapper," said she.

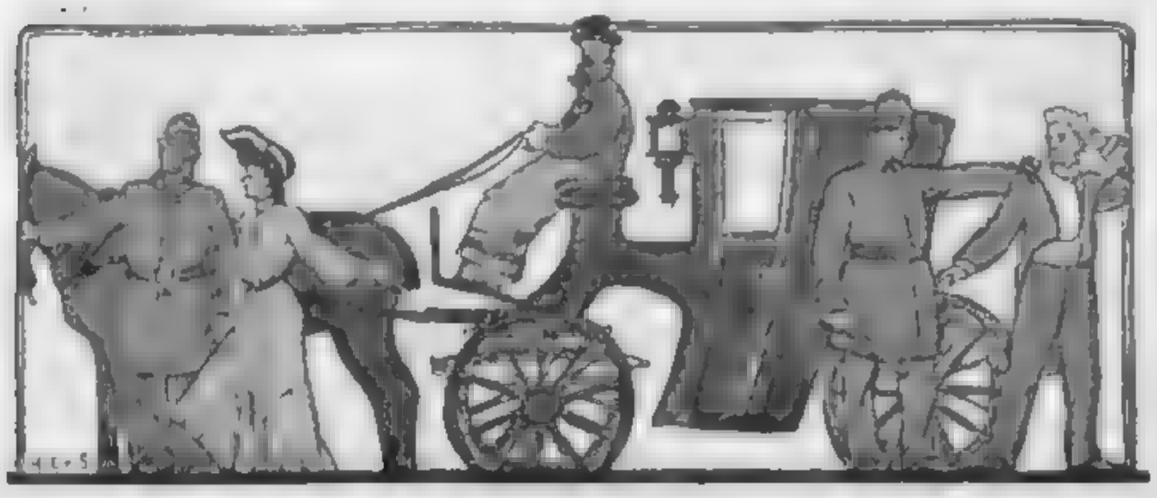
"And I'll wear blue jeans," said I.

"No," she said, more seriously, "you wouldn't depart one iota from the conventional for a million dollars; don't be frightened, I shall not wear the wrapper; it wouldn't fit."

I was nettled. I think at that moment, my dear Beatrice, your mother's chances of a happy life were more seriously menaced than ever before or since. Miss Etta's gray eyes had never looked so wistful.

"I am neither conventional nor commonplace," I replied grandiloquently. "And to prove it I will wear a—let me see—why, yes, I'll wear a red cravat! Did you ever see a man in evening dress with a bright red cravat, Miss Etta? You shall see one tomorrow night."

How little the fashions for men have changed these thirty years! Young Partridge (I am sure that is he who was just announced) is at this moment exhibiting to my wife and daughters the same wide, long expanse of white shirt bosom that confronted me when I faced the glass in my room at Mrs. Bixby's, long before either he or my girls were born. But young Partridge has never tried the effect of a crimson bow at the top of the unsullied page. Neither he nor any man of my acquaintance has known what it is to see



A Billion a Year!

That Sum, the New York *Times* Tells Us, is Spent in This Country for Advertising

The advertising business *has* had a most remarkable growth during the past ten years. Thousands of men and women are now engaged in directing the expenditure of that vast sum. There's a fast growing need for **people qualified to do this work well.** Many are now waking up to the fact that it's a very remunerative and uncrowded profession.

Next fall and winter there will surely be any number of good positions seeking competent ad-writers. Begin *now* and I'll have you ready for one of them.

Now, remember the demand is not for those who can merely string together a few high-sounding words, and who have but a smattering of types. The market is full of that kind. But storekeepers and manufacturers everywhere are seeking really well-informed men and women to prepare and place their business-bringing publicity—well-trained men and women who know how the subject can be most profitably handled. In short, for the kind of advertising people I am graduating.

Just a moment! Is that only idle brag—talk of the same character as that you've read perhaps many times before? Then let the records prove the truth of that statement by the successes my graduates have uniformly made. These, for instance:

E. D. Van Campen, Ads. Mgr. W. D. Ackerman Co. New [illegible] The greater part of the credit for my success in the past year is due you.

Alice Gordon, Ad. [illegible] New York [illegible]

John J. Toomey, Advertising [illegible] opponent pupils it gives me pleasure to commend him for their gladness and painstaking effort and for the effectiveness of his work.

W. L. Swift, Writer and Player of Advertising. Boston, says: "Let me assure you that I fully appreciate the value of your splendid course. You [illegible] at any time, as a valuable [illegible] of your thorough and common sense methods."

Here, too, is an interesting and important fact:

This school never lost a student because of dissatisfaction with its system of instruction. *It has enrolled many who have experimented with other courses.*

That's not because as an advertising man I am better than all others—there are doubtless many men that are abler than I. But my *system* is superior—superior, because by it pupils are guaranteed personal instruction; because I am conscientiously and constantly studying the requirements of each pupil; because that pupil is taught as if he, or she, were the only one I had.

Of course, by my methods I can't teach as *many* people as some institutions. Nor do I intend to try. I am seeking by this announcement to enroll just enough pupils to replace those that graduate during the next few weeks. Do you wish to become a pupil? Write to me and we'll talk about the terms.

Elmer Helms, Instructor, who invites his pupils to ask questions, feel the assurance that they will be clearly answered.

ELMER HELMS, Formerly Ad-Writer for John Wanamaker

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DEAR READER — Shorthand is a [illegible] saver and a money-maker. Stenogra[illegible] get more at the start and have better opportunities than average employees. If [illegible] will read our 86-page catalogue I believe [illegible] I enroll with us at once. We have a Short Course for busy people, a Complete Course for those who wish to use shorthand as a wage-earner, and a Special Advanced Course. Highly endorsed by leading shorthand experts. Instruction based on experience in professional shorthand work. For more than two years we [illegible] a large amount of shorthand reporting for the Law Department of the City of New York. Successful pupils in our own city and in every part of the country from Maine to California. Catalogue and Free Lesson for four cents to cover postage.

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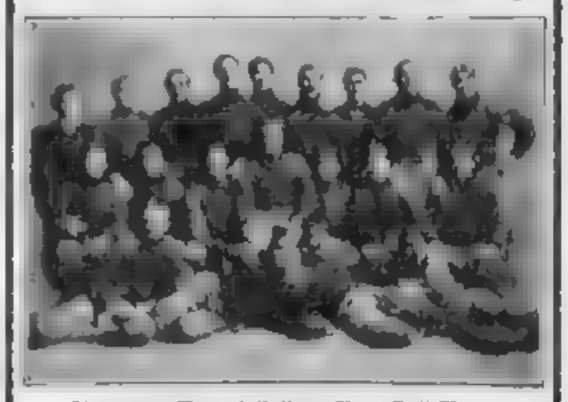

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500 2ND-HAND WHEELS

[illegible] makes and models good as new $3 to $8

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EARN A BICYCLE taking orders for us. Write at once for [illegible] special offer [illegible] to first equipment, sundries, half price.

AUTOMOBILES Bargains in new and second hand Autos and Motor Cycles. All makes and styles. If interested write for *Automobile* [illegible]

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We teach **Journalism** and **Story-Writing** by mail. We criticise and revise MSS., and sell them on commission, either to exclusive publishers or to nearly 3,000 publishers through our **Syndicate Sheets.** Send for free booklet, It tells the whole story. THORNTON WEST, Editorial Chief. *Founded 1897.*

NATIONAL PRESS ASS'N, 67 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS

from the mirror of one's dressing case one's own reflection with a great crimson splash as of one's heart's blood stretching from jowl to jowl.

I hadn't bought a new cravat for the occasion; I had searched among my summer belongings and unearthed a ribbon, more than an inch wide, and of the true Harvard shade.

Miss Haines gasped when she saw me. "You are not going to wear it," she exclaimed.

"Why not?" said I, being aware at the same time that she presented a very trim and quite orthodox appearance. I don't know what I had expected, but the unexpected had certainly happened. I think she had pinned various parts of various gowns and hats together and had produced a fetching *tout ensemble*, and I also observed that her gloves were white and brand new. If I had relied upon some oddity of her make-up to lend encouragement to my own eccentricity I was disappointed.

"Shall I change it?" I asked.

Now she ought to have said "Yes" promptly, like a sensible woman. She didn't. She fell back upon her old fallacious argument, feeling perhaps the necessity of defending by precept what she had failed to assert in practice, and declared that one had a perfect right to dress as one pleased; that the color became me well, and that we really ought to start, if we didn't wish to miss the overture.

We walked, I remember, past the dimly lighted stores of Third Avenue, I with my overcoat collar turned up and she with the tips of her gloved fingers resting on my arm. My ordeal began when, having stored my high hat under the seat, I shed my overcoat and sat down bravely at her side.

I had expected there would be a general murmur of "Ahs!" as when a rocket explodes high over the heads of a multitude, but nothing of the kind happened. A young man who had placed a top-coat over the back of his chair directly in front of me turned around to adjust it and stopped in the middle of the proceeding to stare at my throat as though he had seen a tarantula on my shirt bosom. Then he resumed face-front and the girl at his side bent near to hear what he had to whisper. I knew it was coming. Her face gradually swept around, then her handkerchief went to her mouth and she coughed.

I tried to smile, but I knew I was being spotted, first by ones and twos and then by dozens. The recognition of my humble presence now being universal, what most affected and embarrassed me was that accorded by a military appearing man who sat directly across the aisle from myself.

He wore a heavy brown mustache and goatee, and had those uncomfortably penetrating, persistent eyes which seem never to realize the obligation of occasionally yielding the visual right of way to other eyes; keen, fearless eyes, that in their roamings seem to seek, rather than to avoid, optical collisions. It was never possible for me to look to this man's direction that his impertinent gaze was not fixed upon me, and when I turned away I was still aware that his scrutiny continued.

His studied air of silent scorn became so galling that gradually my mental state veered from embarrassment to vindictiveness; the worm of humiliation began to turn; Miss Etta's conception of the comprehensive public mob seemed to me, in my present self-inflicted attitude of public offender, not only logical, but just. I became aggressive in spirit and, incidentally, found it a relief. One cannot feel like a fool and a devouring lion at the same time, however excellent a fool one may remain.

I determined to beard this subtle enemy of individual freedom, called "Good Taste," and fight it with its own weapons of disdain. If Miss Etta would permit me I would take a turn through the lobby and into the smoking-room. Miss Etta would; and I did.

Pugnacity of the most virulent brand caused me to hold my chin at its highest angle as I puffed slowly at a weed in the smoking department, which in those days was below stairs and not much frequented. The half-dozen gentlemen, young and old, who were present ignored me, now that I had brought myself within close range, as a specimen unworthy of inspection, and before I had finished my cheroot the room was entirely deserted. I looked in a mirror to see that my blood-red fighting chip was still squarely in its place and then, throwing away my cigar, turned to leave the room.

In the doorway, standing with heels close together and quite blocking the entrance, was my military friend from the parquette. He was regarding me with the same glittering stare that had been so distressing during the overture, and now without shifting his attitude, without the quiver of an eyelid, he said sharply, "Take it off."

For a moment I was too much amazed to speak; then, if I recall correctly, I stepped back a foot or two in order to limber myself for a sudden rush. He was quicker than I, for before I could do more than say "D——n you, sir, I——" his right hand came from behind his back and I was looking into the muzzle of a revolver pointed squarely between my eyes.

"Take it off," he said again. I glanced about for some weapon of defense. There was a heavy iron cuspidor near by at my feet. I stooped quickly both to dodge his range and to arm myself, and as I did so I heard the click of the pistol lock and he said—this time in a voice that meant only business—"Take it off quick or I'll kill you."

Trembling, cold and hot at the same time, I straightened up and with one hand tugged slowly at the cravat as I backed farther away from him.

"Hurry," he said, "give it to me." He held out his left hand, with the revolver still leveled in his right, and I dropped the ribbon on the floor.

"Pick it up," he said, and although I didn't know till then I was a coward, I picked it up and handed it to him.

"Thank you," said he, and backed out of the room; then wheeling about he walked swiftly up the stairs. I could hear the door into the lobby swing back as he passed through and the sound of the orchestra told me the curtain had risen on the second act.

Now I ask you, my dear Mr. Partridge down there in the drawing-room, what would you have done in my position? I leaned against the wall breathing very hard. The mirror was opposite and my shirt bosom, even in the conspicuous absence of its crimson ornament, was not whiter than my face. The moments went by and I stood there like a whipped child, as indeed I was.

What should I do? To return to Miss Etta, not only to Miss Etta but to all my newly-made acquaintances throughout the Opera House, wearing no cravat at all, was beyond thought. The bone collar button, which stood cheekily where a minute before had been a gorgeous tie, seemed like a small yellow eye leering at my predicament. Where was I to get another red cravat at that time of night? and how, even if that were possible, could I explain my long absence to Miss Haines?

At the thought of her distress I was moved to action. I left the smoking-room and noiselessly pushed open the door into the lobby, then holding a handkerchief under my chin, I crossed the lobby and peered through the glass doors that separated it from the auditorium, into the parquette. Miss Etta was gone! Instinctively I looked for the military villain; he was gone, too! The boudoir scene of the opera of Mignon was in progress; that, to me, was the only tangible evidence that I was not in a dream.

Had Miss Haines left her seat to look for me? I quickly traversed the lobby and inquired of the attendants if anything had happened; if any lady had been carried from the theatre in a faint; had been taken ill or anything of that description. Nothing had happened. Miss Etta had simply dropped out of sight; and also, whether with or without her, the owner of the pistol!

I left the Academy with the feeling of a man thrown from a roof who should find himself intact and right-side up—physically unhurt but skeptical about it. It was ridiculous to be walking around at nine o'clock in evening dress without a cravat. I therefore sought out a haberdashery on Third Avenue and rectified that defect. I thought of going back to the opera but remembered I had failed to secure a return check. I sauntered aimlessly about for an hour and then returned to Mrs. Bixby's.

At the door stood a policeman to whom Bridget was in the act of announcing my absence from home. The policeman was decent. He waited until Bridget had closed the door before telling me that I was "wanted by a young lady at the station house." He really knew nothing of the particulars; the Sergeant had sent him to find me.

As we neared the police station a closed cab drove away. The Sergeant at the desk after learning my identity opened the door of the Captain's room and said, "We will not detain you any longer, Miss."

Then out walked Miss Etta. She was pale, but seemed entirely self-possessed,

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and, calling the Sergeant "Captain," thanked him pleasantly—for what I didn't know—and bade him good-night.

"It's too late to go back, I suppose," was her first remark as we reached the sidewalk, "and besides my head aches."

This was delightful calmness. I couldn't share it. I wasn't even sufficiently calm to speculate upon the effect the unexplained disappearance of my red cravat would have upon the young woman. It seemed to me that mutual explanations were not only due but pressing, and I intimated as much, rather angrily, I fear. She remained exasperatingly cool.

"You are the last person in the world I should have taken for a Nihilist," she said.

"A what!" I asked.

"A Nihilist, Anarchist, destroyer of all existing orders of things a—— Oh! where is your badge? What have you done with your red cravat?"

This was awkward. I was young. "When you condescend to explain the cause of your arrest, Miss Haines, it will be time enough to question me," I said, with all the dignity of twenty years.

"I was arrested as your accomplice," she said sententiously.

I was growing angry and we were nearing the boarding-house, for she had walked rapidly and the jostling crowds had not given us much time for speech.

"I hope you enjoyed the evening," said I, sarcasm being the nearest stick at hand.

"I shall never forget it," she answered, "but I really should like to know what you have done with the cravat."

The taunting tone, after hours of irritation, was too much. "Good evening," I said as I opened the street door for her, and turning I hurried down the stoop. She said afterward she called to me, but if so, I didn't hear.

It was a weary day for me that followed. I bought the morning and the afternoon papers still looking for some light on the perplexing situation. At last a paragraph caught my eye; as nearly as I can recall, it read as follows:

CRAZED BY THE OPERA

Colonel Robert B. Dunwald, who was recently discharged as cured from a private sanitarium, is in the insane ward at Bellevue. He had been warned to avoid exciting himself in any way by his physicians when he left the sanitarium. He attended the opera of Mignon last night and it is supposed that the furore excited by Mlle. Nilsson in the fire scene brought on a return of his old malady. Colonel Dunwald served gallantly in the war and was wounded at Seven Oaks.

Miss Haines for the first time impressed me, when we met after dinner that evening, as lacking not only in delicacy of perception but in the more essential womanly attribute of pity. I would rather at times, my dear Beatrice, hear a sob than an epigram from a woman I care for.

She didn't even once say "Poor Colonel."

That my preposterous egotism, displayed in flaring red, had helped to unsettle the shaken mind of this gallant soldier she knew as well as I did, and it was from no sense of kindness to me that she refrained from referring to that aspect of the case. She simply didn't feel remorse for herself or for me; and in giving me the particulars of her share of the tragedy—for tragedy I insist it was—she showed clearly by her tone more than by her words that she was determined I should not overlook her own very excellent coolness and presence of mind.

"Of course," said she, "when he sat down beside me and said, 'Don't make a scene; it will do no good and will only alarm the audience,' I was startled, but I can't say I was actually scared. I didn't really believe he was Superintendent Walling, as he said he was, until he showed me the end of your red cravat from the corner of his pocket. Then I felt convinced he must be a detective and that you were really under arrest, as he said.

"I left the theatre with him knowing that it was all a mistake, and I was not in the least frightened and had no hesitation about entering the carriage. When, as we drove up Madison Avenue, he began to tell me of the simultaneous appearance that night of red cravats in the Opera Houses at Moscow, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, Vienna and New York and the simultaneous arrest of all the Nihilists, I became suspicious, but it was not until he exclaimed 'I am Sir Percival of the Holy Grail' that I knew he was stark mad.

"I do thank my stars," continued Miss Etta, "that the carriage was blocked at that moment and that the two policemen to whom I beckoned had the sense to take us quietly to the station house, but I can't say that I was at any time greatly frightened. And now do you think you can get tickets for Mignon next week? I *must* hear it all."

Perhaps she has heard it since; I am sure I don't know, but the next time *I* heard Mignon, my dear Beatrice, it was with your mother in New Orleans. Did I wear a red cravat? No; if I recollect, it was one of the white ones included in that entirely correct and joyously selected outfit a happy man buys for his own wedding.

Repartees and Retorts

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS

PERSONS who are familiar with the best witticisms know that a volume of reasoning may be condensed into a repartee, and that the absurdity of a statement or an argument may be exposed by an impromptu retort more effectively than by a series of syllogisms. In public debate a felicitous joke is sometimes a summary, a trenchant compendium, of long argumentative processes. It flashes conviction upon you with the sudden and illuminating power of lightning. When, in reply to the demand that England should "put her foot down" at once in several quarters of the globe, John Morley replied that "England is not a *centipede*," could an hour's speech have better exposed the fallacy? An Englishman, advocating the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility, argued that, in order to carry down to posterity the virtues of those who have done great service to their country, their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services. "By the same rule," retorted a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged, too." How happy is the reply of Hooker to those who object to the use of reasoning in religious discussion: "They never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason . . . if childish simplicity were the mother of saintly and divine wisdom."

That was a happy reply which the Abbé Imbert made to a person who was praising the gentleness of Madame de Tencin, who, with the suavest manners in the world, was utterly unprincipled: "Aye, aye—if she had any object whatever in poisoning you, she would, undoubtedly, choose the sweetest and least disagreeable poison in the world." Not less felicitous was the retort of Sergeant Bosanquet to the argument of Lord Coleridge in Parliament for Women's Rights. One of his lordship's main points was that there is no essential difference between the masculine and the feminine intellect. [illegible] qualities, and that the arguments [illegible] are peculiarly [illegible] the learned member, compendiously stated," replied the Sergeant, "amounts to this: because some judges are old women, therefore all old women are fit to be judges."

In his Sketches, Literary and Theological, of the Rev. George Gilfillan (1861), there is an account of a unique practical retort made by Doctor Kidd, of Aberdeen, on the great theologian and preacher, Doctor Chalmers. When the latter published his famous Astronomical Discourses, he sent a copy to old Doctor Kidd, who had written a work on The Eternal Sonship, which nobody could or ever pretended to understand. "There's that fellow Chalmers," said Kidd, "sent me his book about the stars. I could make neither head nor tail o't. But I had my revenge. I sent him, in my turn, a copy of my Eternal Sonship."

A very neat three-edged response was the reply of Beaconsfield to a person who asked him if he had read the Greville Memoirs: "No, I do not feel attracted to them. I knew the author, and he was the most conceited person with whom I have ever been brought in contact, although I have read Cicero and known Bulwer Lytton."

Not less keen was the retort of the Pope, Pius IX, to an English diplomat who refused a cigar which his Holiness offered him, saying: "Thank your Holiness; I have no vices." "This isn't a vice; if it were, you would have it."

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